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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



DAVIS, IN SPORT, AN IMITATION OF LIFE

In 1976, award-winning documentary filmmaker Peter Davis went in search of America. More precisely, he wanted "to understand America by going into one community and penetrating its society as deeply and widely as possible." To find the right setting, he asked the help of Richard L. Forstall of the U.S. Census Bureau, who, after poring over maps, charts, surveys and directories, said, "You could do worse than to go to Hamilton, Ohio." Davis went. The result was a book, Davis' first, *Home-town*, from which we have excerpted the article beginning on page 50.

Davis, 45, who was graduated from Harvard in 1957 and has lived in New York City for 24 years, was born in Santa Monica, Calif., of prominent Hollywood screenwriter parents, Frank Davis and Tess Slesinger. Peter's classmates from the more gilded Hollywood families received Cadillac convertibles on their 16th birthdays, but not Peter. That is not real life, his father and stepmother said. All in all, it isn't surprising that Davis chose to explore real life via the medium of documentary film.

One of his first efforts was *Hunger* in America for CBS in 1968, which he co-wrote with Martin Carr and which brought the wrath of Secretary of Agri-

culture Orville L. Freeman down upon the entire network. In 1971 Davis made *The Selling of the Pentagon*, also for CBS, for which he won an Emmy and a Peabody, and then *Hearts and Minds*, a documentary on the Vietnam war for which he received an Academy Award in 1975. His most recent film project is *Middletown*, a six-part series to begin March 24 on PBS television.

"But I always wanted to write," says Davis, "and after *Hearts and Minds* I thought, it's now or never."

Two and a half years (and more than 3,000 pages of notes) after Davis went to Hamilton, he began to write the book. Of the basketball game between the town's two high schools, which is described in these pages, he says, "It was the most exciting athletic event I ever went to. With one exception. In May 1972 I had tickets to see the San Francisco Giants play the Mets. I wanted my sons Tim and Nick (children from Davis' first marriage to Johanna Mankiewicz, who was killed by an out-of-control taxi two years later) to see Willie Mays play, and then we found out he had been traded—to the Mets! The score was tied 4-4 in the fifth inning when Mays came up to bat, I think for the third time, and hit a home run that barely cleared the leftfield fence. Everybody was pushing that ball over—he won the game for us. And we all started to cry."

A longtime baseball fan, Davis took Tim and Nick (he has two children by his present wife, Karen Zehring) to spring training in St. Petersburg for years. "We're not going this spring," he says, "because they're both playing baseball for their school teams."

This seems to work right in with one theme of his piece: Does sport imitate, provide escape from, or prepare you for life? Says Davis, "I think sport imitates and provides escape from life. It is also a preparation. It reflects feelings, in many ways better than work does. And it's a heck of a lot of fun."

Philip D. Hurd



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SPORTS

by BOB OTTUM

INJURY FORECASTING MIGHT JUST HELP RUNNERS REMAIN ON A HEALTHY TRACK

Charles Ross figures that this is the scenario of the future, perhaps just a few years from now: First, the track coach calls the podiatrist, all excited. He's got a kid in his office right this minute, the coach says, a recruit who seems to have an unlimited future. This kid is lean and beautifully muscled, splendidly conditioned and tireless—he runs the 10,000 in 27:30 or thereabouts. How about an immediate evaluation?

A few hours later, the podiatrist calls the coach. "We checked the inversion and eversion at the subtalar joint," he says, "as well as the dorsiflexion at the ankle joint and other variables. Our findings show a varus rating of 19 degrees."

The coach sighs sadly. "What you're telling me."



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As for the present, what Ross and an associate found in a five-year study is that they can predict the potential for a running injury with an average of 75% and as high as an 89% degree of accuracy if the problem lies in the lower legs and feet. (The study didn't go into the stress areas of the rest of the body.) The testing is done by means of intricate biomechanical measurements, which turn up physical imbalances, and by comparing the findings with known data.

Ross is a podiatrist whose practice at Garden City Park, N.Y. includes scores of runners in various stages of repair. He's active in the sport as a sprinter who is now training for his first marathon and a volunteer medic, and often comes bounding out of his office in shorts, explaining, "I'm really working—I'm going to run with a patient," the better to observe firsthand what's causing pain, shin splints, sore knees or whatever. Ross's associate in the study is Richard Schuster of Merritt Island, Fla., an occasional jogger and a

medical-advice columnist for *The Runner* magazine.

From 1975 to 1979, Ross and Schuster conducted screening exams of the long-distance runners at a major Eastern university, following them from their freshman through senior years. The study included 54 runners and correctly predicted that 21 of them would suffer injuries; indeed, the final total was 28, including all 21 named.

The study needs much more input from, say, hundreds more runners to give the figures proper statistical heft. To this end, Ross and Schuster have appealed to fellow podiatrists to send in the results of their own exams. Still, they believe that their underlying theory is sound. Briefly, it goes like this: Runners are measured in weight- and non-weight-bearing modes—which simply means on and off their feet. Measurements determine the degree, or the limitation, of motion at three principal joints below the ankle. The computations are based on how much bowing appears in the lower leg, motion available at the ankle joint, at the subtalar joint, motion at the mid-tarsal joint in front of the ankle and mo-

tion of the forefoot. What all this produces is the degree of varus, or imbalance. A varus rating of eight degrees or less indicates low potential for injury to the runner; 10 to 14 degrees a moderate potential; 18 degrees and over—trouble.

Ross and Schuster want to go further. If they can take these measurements and predict injuries, why not use them as a means toward preventing injuries? Terrific. Says Ross, "Obviously an inspired athlete can and will achieve greater feats if he's not continuously recovering from injuries that delay his progress." For each day lost to injury, experts figure, two days are needed to get back into shape.

Ross dreams of a relatively pain-free future for all athletes in non-contact sports, not just runners. If a podiatric exam comes up 18 degrees, it could be regarded as an early warning, and something can be done about the problem; orthotics, perhaps, or special exercises. Although the study is as yet limited in scope, and concerned only with the area below the knees, it nevertheless appears to be another step forward in the burgeoning field of sports medicine. **END**

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSCHENBAUM

A BLESSING

Gerry Cooney's trainer expressed hope last week that something good may come of his fighter's sore left shoulder, the condition that forced postponement of Cooney's WBC heavyweight championship fight against Larry Holmes from March 15 to June 11. Noting that Cooney's bread-and-butter punch is his left hook, the trainer, Vic Valle, said that Cooney would rest the injured shoulder and train solely with the right hand, and he went so far as to suggest that this regimen—and Cooney's injury—could turn out to be "a blessing." "Sometimes these things work out that way," Valle said. "We're going to work on the right hand, make it better, and maybe the right hand will do the job instead of the left."

The annals of medicine do contain examples of athletic injuries having silver linings: Tracy Caulkins, the swimmer, broke an ankle in a fall in 1977 and was forced to train while wearing a waterproof cast that restricted the mobility of her leg, causing her to rely more on arm pull. Caulkins' upper-body strength increased as a result, and less than a year later she won five gold medals at the world championships in West Berlin. In the case of injuries involving the arm, some athletes have been able to compensate by developing their uninjured arms—as Valle hopes Cooney will do. There's the extreme example of baseball player Ed Head, who was a left-handed pitcher until his left arm was crushed in a school bus accident as a teen-ager. He made it to the majors as a righthander, pitching a no-hitter for the Brooklyn Dodgers against the Boston Braves in 1946. Tennis player George Richey also switched arms—from right to left. After falling out of a car and shattering his right elbow when he was 13, he became a lefty, and in 1952 was the eighth-ranked U.S. professional.

But these cases are somewhat different from Cooney's. Caulkins was able to continue heavy training without endangering her fractured ankle, which was

encased in fiber glass. Cooney's injury isn't a broken bone but a partial muscle tear in the back of his left shoulder, a malady that conceivably could be aggravated by movement of any kind. One boxing medic, Dr. Edwin Campbell, chief physician of the New York State Athletic Commission, questioned the treatment prescribed by Cooney's doctors and implied that Cooney shouldn't be using his right or left hand in training or, for that matter, doing roadwork.

"What he's got is right in the middle of the back more than it is in the shoulder," Campbell said. "It needs absolute rest." Head and Richey developed their uninjured arms not while waiting for the injuries in their other arms to mend but because those injuries were permanent. And as remarkable as their conversions were, it shouldn't be assumed that Head and Richey were better off than they would have been had they avoided injury; for example, Richey always believed his serve and overhead shot would have been stronger had he been able to play righthanded.

If Cooney can take advantage of his convalescence by developing a right hand, more power to him—literally. But in order to beat Holmes he'll still need to have the undiminished use of his vaunted left hook. Whether he will recover fully from his injury and whether his course of treatment is the proper one are by no means certain. Admirable though Valle's positive thinking may be, his suggestion that Cooney's right hand could do the job "instead of the left" has an ominous ring to it.

A MUST FOR DIED-IN-THE-WOOL FANS

In their unceasing efforts to raise funds, some college athletic departments encourage boosters to name old Siwash the beneficiary of their life insurance policies; the University of North Dakota is currently holding 16 such policies bearing a potential value of more than \$800,000. Recently, a newspaper in Louisiana, the Baton Rouge Morning Advo-

cate, ran a letter from a reader suggesting a different sort of fund-raising scheme, by which LSU boosters could continue to make a conspicuous contribution to the school after they're gone. The reader, James Whitten, urged that fans be allowed to arrange to be buried beneath the stands of Tiger Stadium—for a price, of course.

Such a plan, Whitten explained, "would go far toward satisfying the ultimate longings of loyal Tiger fans everywhere while simultaneously filling the void in athletic department coffers. The most obvious plan would call for the construction of burial vaults in the open space beneath the seats. Cost to the prospective interee would vary according to location, with crypts nearer the 50-yard line commanding higher prices."



It's hard to imagine a better place to try out Whitten's idea than LSU. Because of the storied inhospitability of the school's rosters to visiting teams, Tiger Stadium has long been known as Death Valley. Further, the school's intercollegiate sports program is beset by deficits, which hastened the firing last month of Athletic Director Paul Dietzel. He had kept himself in the public eye in Baton Rouge by doing TV commercials on a local station for a burial insurance plan.

OLDER AND STILL WISE

Steve Cauthen has received his high school diploma. After finishing his third and most successful season—he had 87 wins—riding in Europe under contract to British thoroughbred owner Robert

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SCORECARD continued

Sangster, Cauthen, who will be 22 on May 1, returned recently to his native Kentucky, enlisted the help of his former high school principal and began boning up for his high school equivalency test, which he took and passed two weeks ago at Northern Kentucky University. And why had he bothered? He answers simply, "It's something I've always wanted. I'm not sure anybody knew that."

In fulfilling his dream of graduating from high school, Cauthen showed the same sense of purpose he had when he schooled himself in yoga at 13 ("for concentration," he explained. "I knew I'd need that later") and when, after dropping out of Walton Verona High following his sophomore year to be a full-time jockey, he won \$3 million in purses at 16. After that Cauthen became SI's Sportsman of the Year and rode Affirmed to the Triple Crown and then, at 18, he signed a lucrative contract to ride in England, where he has been a great favorite ever since. Through it all, Cauthen says, he took pains to immerse himself in books, magazines and newspapers other than the *Daily Racing Form*.

"I kept my mind working," Cauthen says. "That's why I was able to get my diploma or would even want to. And I've always been self-disciplined, especially in diet and exercise. That carried over into schooling. Most of the stuff stuck in my mind. I'd always liked math and I was always good in science. I figured I wouldn't lose that. History was the worst. I kept mixing up all those dates and facts."

Cauthen expresses no regrets about having taken a bit longer than usual to get his diploma. "I'm sure that what I missed by not being around kids my own age, I'll never make up for," he says. "I'll never go to the senior prom or homecoming. But I learned how to be self-sufficient and take responsibility long before most kids did. That's important." So, too, he hastened to add, is his new diploma. "Knowing I have it will make me much more confident about myself. I'm so proud of myself for passing that test."

THERE'S ALWAYS DuPAIL

The Sting, Black Hawks and Bulls played on successive nights last week in Chicago Stadium, drawing crowds of 19,398, 9,283 and 5,871, respectively. Those figures may not mean that indoor soccer is about to overtake the NHL and NBA nationally, but they're as good a place as

continued

Sports Illustrated



Photography by Walter Iossa Jr. for Sports Illustrated

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Its colors are as bright as a cardinal's feathers, as soft as midnight on a mountain trail. It is as loud as a sta-

dium at the climax of a World Series—and as quiet as snow. It is exercise and rest. It is man exuberant and man content.

In America today, sport is not only a dream that lies over the rainbow. It is also an awakening that brings a family together—on a boat or beach, skiing weekend or camping trip.

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any to start explaining why, by week's end, beleaguered Black Hawk Coach Keith Magnuson had quit (replaced by General Manager Bob Pulford), and Bull Coach Jerry Sloan had been sacked (replaced by General Manager Rod Thorn). They also help account for the void Chicago sports fans were feeling in their lives after the Sting, the only professional team on the local winter sports scene with a winning record, was eliminated later in the week in the first round of the NASL playoffs.

CONCESSION SPECTER

With roughly one-fourth of the NHL season still left, Montreal Gazette Sports Editor Red Fisher reports that the New York Islanders' Mike Bossy, the league's second-leading scorer, has given up all hope of overtaking the top man in the race, the Edmonton Oilers' Wayne Gretzky. Because the amazing Gretzky has 171 points, having last week broken his old record of 164 set a year ago, while runner up Bossy has only 107 points, that scarcely qualifies as news. What is news is that Bossy appears to have given up on next season as well, witness the following exchange:

"When do you think you'll catch Gretzky, Mike?"
"April 1984."

STAFFORD'S SALLY

A few weeks ago we ran in this space an anonymous satirical letter in which the chairman of a college English department, hoping to improve one of his student's chances of winning a Rhodes scholarship, asked the school's football coach to put the fellow in the starting backfield (SCORECARD, Jan. 25). The English department head conceded that the young man was rather puny but noted, "As you have often said, cooperation between our department and yours is highly desirable." The letter had reached us from a Midwestern university, where photocopies of it were circulating. We passed it along as a telling comment on today's win-at-all-costs coaches who try to pressure professors to bend academic standards for athletes.

Did we say today's coaches? A reader, Ralph J. Sabock, an associate professor of physical education at Penn State, informs us that virtually the same letter appeared, among other places, in his 1979 book, *The Coach*, and was first published in a 1955 issue of *College English*,

a periodical of the National Council of Teachers of English. The author was William E. Stafford, a prize-winning poet who has since retired from his position as an English professor in Oregon's Lewis and Clark College. We reached Stafford, who wasn't surprised that his letter had resurfaced. In the 26 years since it was written, he noted, it has been reprinted frequently, sometimes with proper attribution to himself, other times not. "It's almost like folklore," Stafford said of his 26-year-old sally.

Other alert readers gently informed us that a slightly different version of the letter had run in the July 13, 1970 issue of *SL*. It had ostensibly been written by Hugo Hellman, a speech professor at Marquette, to Al McGuire, then the Warriors' basketball coach, who had gone public with it; Hellman's "Rhodes scholar candidate" wanted to play basketball, not football. More recently, the Jan. 20, 1982 issue of *The Chronicle of Higher Education* contained a tongue-in-cheek memorandum in which an academic dean asked an athletic director to find room on various varsity teams for a Rhodes scholar candidate. The author, David Churchman, chairman of the behavioral science graduate program at California State University at Dominguez Hills, says he was unaware of Stafford's strikingly similar letter.

Stafford's oft-reprinted, widely imitated letter serves as a reminder that the problem of overzealous coaches isn't new at all. Stafford recalls that he wrote it after a run-in with a football coach who had complained about a grade a star player had received in English.

AND HERE COMES BEETLEBAUM

There was a 3-year-old colt named Drop Your Drawers in the field of eight starters last week in the \$50,000 Mountain Valley Handicap at Oaklawn Park in Hot Springs, Ark. Did Drop Your Drawers win? No, El Bubo did. Place? No, that was Lost Creek. So what did Drop Your Drawers do? Showed. Of course.

LOBOLAND REVISITED

It has been almost two years since the University of New Mexico's basketball program was rocked by revelations of transcript forgeries and financial improprieties that led to the conviction of Head Coach Norm Ellenberger on charges of fraud and filing false public vouchers. Happily, changes have been

made. For one thing, the school has actually been trying to recruit athletes capable of doing college work. For another, it has increased academic counseling services for its jocks. Although it would be naive to think that things are suddenly perfect at New Mexico (or anywhere else in big-time college sports, for that matter), it's heartening to report that the basketball team, which is still under NCAA probation because of what came to be known as Lobogate, led all men's teams at New Mexico last semester with a grade-point average of 2.8 on a 4.0-point scale. One Lobo player is academically ineligible, but his subpar grades were more than offset by another player's 3.75 average. The team's 2.8 grade-point average compares favorably indeed with the university's overall undergraduate men's average of 2.37.

MY FUNNY VALENTINE

As has become the custom among fans of a number of college basketball teams, Penn rooters threw confetti and streamers onto the court after the Quakers scored their first basket in a 79-62 Valentine's Day win over Harvard. That prompted this chant from the Harvard crowd:

*Roses are red,
Violets are blue.
The streamers were cute,
But you still come from
Philadelphia.*

THEY SAID IT

• Wayne Walker, retired Detroit Lion linebacker and San Francisco TV sportscaster, discussing his incipient baldness, at a Bay Area sports banquet: "Somewhere in Detroit there's a helmet with all my hair in it."

• Gene Mauch, California Angels manager, agreeing with a reporter's facetious remark that his current pitching staff was a lot like the one he had when he managed the 1965 National League All-Stars, a corps that included Sandy Koufax, Juan Marchal, Don Drysdale and Bob Gibson: "That's right, some are left-handed and some right-handed."

• Dave Rimington, Nebraska's star 280-pound football center, after lifting a piano into place at a team banquet so that Wingback Anthony Steels could sing and play: "The coaches speak of skilled and non-skilled positions. Now I know the difference. Moving the piano is non-skill. Playing the piano is skill."

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Sports Illustrated

MARCH 1, 1982





Raise One To The Islanders

They're the toast of the NHL after breaking the 52-year-old record for consecutive wins
by **MIKE DELNAGRO**

When the Boston Bruins set the NHL record of 14 consecutive victories back on Jan. 9, 1930, Herbert Hoover was feebly battling the Great Depression, new DeSotos sold for \$845, and one could buy a *New York Times* for 2¢ and read a report of Babe Ruth's threatened holdout for an \$85,000 salary. We're talking long ago. Understandably, as years and decades passed, the Bruin feat came to be considered unouchable. That is, until last Saturday night when, before 15,271 delirious fans at the Nassau Coliseum on Long Island, the rampaging New York Islanders won their 15th straight game by

continued

A dramatic last-minute goal got the Islanders the mark and kind words from Trotter.

beating the Colorado Rockies 3-2 on a dramatic goal by Left Wing John Tonelli, who two nights earlier had scored the game-winner in Philadelphia to tie the record.

Against Colorado, with the score 2-2 and just 47 seconds to play, Tonelli took a pass from Bryan Trottier, planted his skates at the top of the left circle and blasted a shot toward the Colorado net. Dropping to the ice in an attempt to block the shot was Rockies Defenseman Bob Lorimer. In goal was Chico Resch. Ironically, the Islanders had traded both Lorimer and Resch to Colorado—the former in October, the latter last March—and now they were the final obstacles between their former teammates and the record book. Lorimer just missed Tonelli's shot, and his outstretched body partly obscured Resch's view of the puck. It sailed between his legs.

"None of us believe this streak will last forever, but it sure adds a lot of fun and tension each time we go out on the ice," said Tonelli after the game. Islander General Manager Bill Torrey was glowing, too. "Every year somebody's name is inscribed on the Stanley Cup," he said. "But it's been 52 long years since anybody's done this."

En route to the record, the Islanders beat 10 opponents in seven cities. When

they finally lost 4-3 on Sunday to Pittsburgh, it was their first defeat in four weeks. And their wins were convincing—12 of them by three goals or more and six by at least five. In all, they scored nearly three times as many goals as the opposition (97-35) and utterly dominated third periods (36 goals to four). In only four games did the Islanders ever trail. In 11 of the victories they gave up no more than two goals, and in all but four they had more shots on goal. Sure, John, it's fun when your club is playing like that.

In a world not without its share of grinchers, some NHL observers last week were pooch-pooching the Islanders' record even before they set it, because during the streak they had played only one game against a team (Buffalo) whose record ranks among the five best in the league. Ten of their victories were over clubs in the bottom half of the overall standings: Colorado, Washington (twice), Hartford, Detroit, Pittsburgh (four times) and Chicago. Still, in a low-scoring game like hockey, in which one bad bounce or a momentary lapse can turn triumph into tie, well... Boston's record didn't endure for 52 years because of some schedule-maker. Besides, the Islanders did defeat Minnesota, the Rangers—who had beaten

them in their previous two games—and Philadelphia twice. Said Captain Denis Potvin, "If we'd picked where we wanted to play the 14th game of this streak, no question Philadelphia's Spectrum would have been last on the list."

The grinchers must face it—the Islanders played so powerfully during the past month that it almost went unnoticed that at week's end Montreal was unbeaten in its last 16 games, a surge that included 11 straight wins. In Game 2 of their streak, the Islanders forechecked the Rangers into such a frazzle that Goaltender Billy Smith faced only 22 shots in a 6-1 victory. In Game 3 the Islanders scored five goals in the first 4:08 to rout the Penguins 9-2. In Game 6, a 5-2 defeat of Washington, they were assessed 10 penalties but didn't yield a power-play goal. In Game 12, at Hartford, where they had never won, the Islanders pumped a season-high 51 shots on goal, leading 4-1 going into the third period, displayed a fearsome killer instinct by scoring five more goals. Against the Flyers in Game 14, the Islanders overcame 3-1 and 4-2 deficits before winning 7-4. When the streak began, the Islanders trailed Philadelphia by two points in the Patrick Division standings. By last week-end they led the second-place Flyers by 19 points.

Although the Islanders had begun 1981-82 as everybody's favorite to win a third straight Stanley Cup, they had given little indication earlier in the season that they would embark upon any kind of victory binge. Skating, as Smith says, "lucky-daisy" through the first half of the schedule, New York was only 25-13-6 when it began its run, a record far beneath its lofty standards. Coach Al Arbour had often benched Potvin, a six-time All-Star defenseman, on several occasions for shoddy play. Arbour also yanked Bob Nystrom, the hero of the 1980 Stanley Cup playoffs, and Butch Goring, the 1981 Cup star, from the lineup several nights. Following a 3-2 loss to the Rangers on Jan. 20, Arbour said, "We rely on a team effort, and right now not enough players are contributing." The next night the binge began.

Arbour, a renowned tinkerer, made two critical moves. First, he put the hard-skating Tonelli, who's having the best season of his six-year pro career with 28 goals and 36 assists, on his gunner line with Right Wing Mike Bossy and



Tonelli scored the game-winner in the two last—and toughest—games of the streak.



Putting Brent Sutter on a line with brother Duane (rear) helped get the Islanders rolling.

Center Trotter. While not exactly struggling, neither Trotter, one of the game's premier playmakers, nor Bossy, a magnificent goal-scorer, had been performing up to his enviable capabilities. In fact, when the streak began, Bossy was in so deep a rut he had scored only two goals in the previous six games. The Tonnelli move clicked. "John's more push-and-shove than finesse," says Resch. "But Boss and Trotts bring the finesse out in him, and he's so interne, he gets them going."

During the 15 games, Trotter led the Islanders with 19 goals, including six game-winners. Against Philadelphia in Game 11, he got five. He also finished the streak with 11 assists and at least a point in every outing. In the same span, Bossy had 10 goals and, in a sort of role reversal, 23 assists, including one on each of Trotter's five scores against the Flyers. Bossy, who had an NHL-record nine hat tricks last season, got his first of the year in Game 8 of the streak. "I'm not used to going so long with so few goals," he says. "It's not that what I do is fantastic, but it's what I expect of myself." This attitude isn't good news for the rest of the NHL. Bossy, who by the end of the streak had moved into second behind Wayne Gretzky in the league scoring race with 44 goals and 63 assists,

is the only player to get 50 or more goals in each of his first four NHL seasons. He usually lives up to his expectations.

Arbours' other major move was to place 19-year-old Brent Sutter on a line with his 21-year-old brother, Duane, a right wing, and veteran Left Wing Clark Gillies. Brent, 5' 11" and 175 rock-solid pounds, is a promising center who was recalled from the Lethbridge, Alberta junior team on Jan. 7. Torrey, who thinks bringing up Brent might well have been the key to the whole streak, says, "When a 19-year-old shows up and starts bumping and grinding the way this kid has, it rubs off. It's hard for the older guys not to do the same." After watching the Islanders a few weeks ago, Flyer scout Joe Watson returned to Philadelphia and told Coach Pat Quinn, "This kid Brent Sutter has rejuvenated that whole team."

"Enthusiasm, hard work—Brent's added something to this team," says Trotter. One thing he has made possible is a line made up of three Islander first-round draft picks—Gillies in 1974, Duane in '79 and Brent in '80. During the 15 victories, Gillies had 10 goals and 13 assists, Duane seven and 15, Brent 15 and 12. Brent also got his first hat trick in Game 6, a 7-6 defeat of Washington. Duane assisted on all three of his brother's goals. Most important, Gillies came

to life with his new linemates. He calls Duane "Dog" and Brent "Pup." Says Gillies, "They're fun, especially Dog. He's always yapping at the other team, getting us going. I think he's a little crazy." Asked if he had a name for the new line, Gillies said, "Sure. The Gillies Line."

Two lines alone, however, don't win 15 consecutive games. Throughout the run, the Islanders flaunted their nonpareil depth. Six players—Potvin, Tonnelli, Trotter, Brent Sutter, Nystrom and Goring—scored at least one game-winning goal. Each of them also had two goals or more in at least one game, as did Bossy. Gillies, Bob Bourne, Duane Sutter, and Anders Kallur. Even Hector Marinini, who dresses infrequently, had the first two-goal evening of his 42-game NHL career. Meanwhile, Smith allowed just 18 goals in winning nine games and lowered his goals-against average to 2.93, third best in the league. No. 2 net-minder Rolfe Melanson went 6-0 and reduced his average to 3.33. Asked by a man with a microphone if he could single out the key to the Islander streak, Trotter said sure and handed the guy a team roster.

Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the skein was that it was in serious jeopardy only twice. Game 14, last week at Philadelphia, seemed lost when in the second period the Flyers struck for four goals in six minutes to open their 4-2 lead. "We wanted it so badly that sometimes our legs froze up," said Potvin later. Added Bossy, "It wasn't just the streak, but the idea that we were behind in a game we wanted." Late in the period, Bossy tipped home a shot by Potvin. Just 1:22 after that, Brent Sutter scored his second goal of the night on a 40-footer. Tie game. By then one could sense the 17,147 Flyer fanatics in the Spectrum knew what was coming. The only question was which Islander would deliver. At 7:08 into the third period, the answer came: Tonnelli, on a stuff shot off a perfect 60-foot feed from Bossy, who had intercepted a clearing pass. Then, two nights later, with 47 seconds to play against Colorado, Tonnelli did it again.

"It's one of the nice things that can happen in this game," said Tonnelli, referring to the record. "And, by God, it happened because 22 Islanders were putting it all together for 15 games." Nobody had seen anything like it for 52 years. **END**

Finch Was A Pigeon For Sugar Ray

Ray Leonard tossed and turned and dreamed of death. Sweating, he awoke with a feeling of dread in the darkness of his Reno hotel room. He had dreamed that he was standing over a challenger for his undisputed world welterweight championship, whom he'd knocked down, and the opponent wasn't moving.

"For a terrible moment it was awfully real," Leonard says. "But then I realized it had just been a bad dream. I managed to get back to sleep, but it was an uneasy sleep."

The following morning, Feb. 15, after weighing in for his title defense that night with Bruce Finch, Leonard went to his suite at Harrah's for breakfast with his older brother Roger. As they were eating, Ray was uncommonly quiet, and Roger casually commented, "You know, Ray, you hit so hard, someday you're going to kill somebody."

Once more the nightmare came to mind. Shaken, Leonard replied, "Naw, that's never going to happen." The subject was changed; the bad dream retired to a neutral corner of the champion's consciousness.

That night at the Reno Centennial Coliseum, while country singer Mickey Gilley was in the ring rewriting the lyrics to *The Star-Spangled Banner*, Leonard warmed up for his first defense of the title he had unified by stopping Thomas Hearns last September. Although Finch was so lightly regarded that no gambler could make a bet on the outcome—unless he wanted to wager on when Finch would be stopped, before or after eight rounds—Leonard had trained diligently, and as he shadowboxed in his dressing room he felt his body was finely tuned.

Trainer Jinks Morton checked his watch. It was nearly time for the lightly sweating Leonard to earn his \$1.3 million. Finch, 28-3-1 and ranked No. 4 by

Ray Leonard awoke in time to send Bruce Finch straight to dreamland

by PAT PUTNAM

the WBC only because the world has run out of quality 147-pound fighters, was to be paid \$85,000, about \$82,000 more than he had ever earned for a bout.

The door to Leonard's dressing room opened and a TV emissary entered. "We're having a technical problem," the man said. "There's going to be a slight delay."

Reno's first championship fight since Jack Johnson knocked out James J. Jeffries in 1910 was being telecast live by Home Box Office. Delayed broadcast rights had been purchased by ABC. In the 10-minute delay Leonard lost his fighting tone.

He had planned for a quick ending. "I won't carry an opponent for anyone," he had said a few days earlier. "If I can take Finch out in the first round, I will. I'm going right after him." Vulnerable to a left hook, Finch, a converted southpaw, had been stopped by Pete Ranzani in five rounds, Larry Bonds in five and Hearns in two. All three had been knocked out by Leonard.

But now, as he entered the ring in search of his 32nd victory in 33 fights, Leonard realized it would take more than three minutes just to get his body returned.

Morton was furious. "That's why I always resent it when someone is in the room when we are preparing for a fight, because we're working on their timetable," he said later. "As it was, the delay could have cost us the fight. When Ray warmed up the first time his timing was perfect. Then they changed the start and his timing was off. We tried to warm up again, but then they said they were ready and we had to quit."



"I feel cold," Leonard informed his concerned cornermen, Morton and Angelo Dundee. "Run," was the consensus order they gave him. "Run until you feel ready."

With Leonard circling at a quick pace, Finch, who was equally annoyed by the delay, went right after him. When Finch triggers a punch it is more like a stiff push, jarring but not damaging. Midway through the round the challenger caught Leonard in flight with a solid right to the body. The champion's bored expression never changed. "I didn't feel like I was in a fight," Leonard mumbled afterward. "The whole atmosphere was real slow, low-key like."

More from habit than intent, Leonard hit Finch with a good overhand right near the end of the round. As he rested between rounds, he was told to step up the pace. Morton and Dundee didn't tell him he was behind on points; Finch had



"Gold" after a TV delay, Leonard warmed up in the second and floored Finch twice.

won the first round on all three cards.

After a slow first minute in the second round, Leonard lured Finch into the trenches. He wanted him inside, where his short snapping punches are devastating. He slowed his dance, and Finch, responding to the bait, stepped in and thrust a right to the champion's head. It was a terrible mistake.

"He didn't hurt me," Leonard said, "but he woke me up. I said, 'Wow, this is for real.' It was like the first Duran fight, the same atmosphere. Then Duran hit me, and I said, 'Hey, I better fight. This guy is for real.'"

The right hand drove Leonard into a neutral corner, and there he stayed and fought. Moving in, Finch was met by a volley to the body. Looking ponderous as he took Leonard's lightning strikes, Finch tried to go to the head. And Leon-

ard hit him with a vicious hook to the body, almost sawing him in half.

As Finch bent from the blow, Leonard fired two more hooks, the second a blast to the head that sent the challenger reeling. A hard right to the head dropped him on his back.

"Oh, no," Sugar Ray thought. He remembered the dream and the words of his brother. "It was a strange feeling," he said later. Instead of going to a neutral corner, he walked forward, staring down at Finch, who was moving.

Leonard wanted him to stay down. "I played a mind game," Sugar Ray said afterward. "I wanted to give him the incentive not to get up. So I went over to my own corner. It didn't work. He had come to fight."

Mills Lane, the referee, chased Leonard into a neutral corner, then resumed the count. Finch lurched to his feet at nine. Reluctantly, Leonard went after him. "Then he hit me and I forgot all about that dream," Leonard said. A moment later, Finch—either from a Leonard flurry or because he was still dizzy from the first flooring—fell again. He rose at seven and held on until the bell.

The end came at 1:30 of the third round. Finch came out trying to fight, but Leonard assaulted him with straight rights and left uppercuts. A third combination drilled Finch to his knees, where, briefly, he stayed. Somehow he regained his feet at nine, only to reel backward against the ropes. Mills stepped in and wrapped him in protective custody.

Finch accepted the defeat with the grace of a true Reno plunger. "Win some, lose some," he philosophized. At least he didn't shrug.

For Leonard, the major objective now is to pick a credible opponent from the impoverished lists offered by the WBA

and the WBC. The top 10 of either group, with the exception of Hearns, who is currently campaigning as a middleweight, is hardly top-shelf.

Leonard's next defense, in late May or early June, will be against Roger Stafford, who once roomed with Sugar Ray during their amateur campaigns. Stafford earned the opportunity with an upset of Pipino Cuevas last November. At the time Cuevas was ranked the No. 1 contender by the WBC.

"We figured Stafford naturally would be moved up to No. 1 and it would be a mandatory fight," says Mike Trainer, Leonard's attorney. Then the WBC issued the latest of its absurd ratings. Cuevas was still No. 1, Stafford No. 4.

"In the welterweights today," intoned José Sulaimin, president of the WBC, "there is not much difference between No. 1 and No. 10." On that note he approved the Leonard-Stafford fight—providing Stafford defeats David Madrid March 2—and ordered an elimination fight between Cuevas and No. 2-rated Chung-Jae Hwang of Korea, with the winner to fight Leonard, assuming Ray defeats Stafford. Hwang is the WBA's top contender but no one knows why.

Trainer would like one more fight, making four, before year's end. The most attractive opponent would be Alexis Arguello, the WBC lightweight champion, who might be induced to move up a class for a \$1 million payday. It would be Arguello's bid for a fourth title; he has also held the world featherweight and WBC junior lightweight titles.

The one fight everyone thought they would see, Leonard against middleweight champion Marvin Hagler, seems to be wishful thinking. Hagler's people want the fight at 160 pounds. Leonard has offered to fight at 154. Neither side is willing to concede an ounce.

"People accuse us of ducking Hagler," says Trainer. "They think it's a matter of a few pounds. Heck, we'll fight Hagler at 160 if he agrees to weigh in at 160 on his way into the ring. But if he weighs in at 160 in the morning, he'll come in at 167 or 168 that night. Ray will weigh 154. All we're trying to do, if they want to fight us, is narrow the gap in weight difference between rounds five and 12 where it really counts."

Meanwhile, there are all those "top-ranked" welterweights around—and not a nightmare among them. **END**

Going All Out And Way, Way Up

Two runners and a pair of jumpers established records in San Diego
by KENNY MOORE

An hour before the triple jump at the Jack-in-the-Box Invitational in San Diego's Sports Arena Friday night, Willie Banks stretched and danced beneath the filling stands, breathing deeply of the sharp vapors of wintergreen and anticipation. "I'm ready," he said. "Sound, been training well." He looked at his watch. "It's time for a world record. If those people out there want to see one, all they have to do is ask."

A man of the people, Willie Banks. None of the usual hushed, reverential

moments before a jump for him. "What's so special about jumpers that they need quiet?" he said. "I need noise, I need juice, I need attention. Without the emotion that comes from a yelling crowd, there's a missing ingredient. I am made to translate that emotion into *punch*."

Banks warmed up to The Rolling Stones' *Start Me Up* on his stereo headphones. Upon being introduced, he cheered the crowd when it cheered him.

His first jump was 54' 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". The world record he was after was 56' 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ ", set by Keith Connor last year. Banks's second try, with the crowd of 11,869 catching on to what he was about, booming him along the runway, was 55' 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". "Next time! Next time!" shouted Banks.

Then the two-mile began, a fine field moving at a hot pace. As San Diego native Thom Hunt took the lead, just after the conclusion of a 4.11 opening mile, the crowd stood and roared for him; at that instant Banks hit the takeoff board perfectly, thrust his foot down for his second bound with resounding force and almost sailed out of the pit. He knew he had the record, and leaped onto the track, where he tried to slap hands with the astonished two-milers. As soon as the officials, who measured the jump at 57' 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ ", confirmed the record, there was a celebration in which Banks all but hugged every spectator individually. "Here, indoors, is where the emotion can really work," he said. "With the people behind me, there's nothing I can't do." With no more pit before him, however, he passed his last three jumps. "Sure there's more to come," he said. "From me and the crowd. Hey, if they'd screamed for me like they did for Padilla... Boom! 58 feet."

The Padilla of whom Banks was envious was his Athletics West teammate Doug, who had followed the pace of Adrian Royle, Steve Lacy and Hunt until the final seven laps of the 22-lap two-mile and then set out in pursuit of the last American indoor record held by the late Steve Prefontaine, the 8:20.4 he ran at this meet in 1974. "I felt good," said Padilla, "which was amazing because I've been tired all week from the Millrose 5,000." That was the race in which he had relieved Alberto Salazar of the American indoor record with a 13:20.55. Now as Padilla leaned into the steep San Diego turns with an ease that seemed uncanny for one with his long, high-kicking stride, it was clear that here was the best indoor distance runner the U.S. has ever produced. "I don't know why I'm so comfortable indoors," he said later. "The first time I ever ran a banked turn it felt perfectly natural."

With a quarter to go, Padilla needed to finish in 62 seconds for the record. He dropped his arms and began a long sprint, completing that final 440 in 58.5

for an American indoor record 8:16.8. He had passed 3,000 meters in 7:46.5, to break the official American indoor mark at that distance as well. His display of power so late in the race changed the crowd's response from a shrieked appeal to the low, involuntary moan of the deeply impressed. Yet Padilla, a humble man, felt he had used all he had. "It was a nearly ideal race," he said, "with the crowd and the other guys doing the work. I'm sure content with it."

Padilla's satisfaction contrasted sharply with the voracity of one Mary Decker Tabb. Having already set the women's indoor world record for the mile twice this winter—the second being the 4:21.47 she'd run the week before at the Millrose Games—she seemed inflamed by the experience and by the nearness of 4:20. Her husband, Ron Tabb, stood beside the track with a list of splits that would result in that time. The paper trembled. "I've never gotten as nervous before any of my races as I do before hers," said Tabb, who is a 2:11 marathoner. "John Walker says he finds Mary's races magnificent, and boring—because she's always so far in front—but they sure aren't to me."

Or to the now-crazed San Diego throng. Going out gently in 64.6 for the quarter, Decker Tabb picked the pace up to 64.3, for a 2:08.9 half. Long since alone, she kept on steadily, a fine blend of grace and swiftness. The three-quarters was 3:15.2, a 66.3. Through the hoarse encouragement she ran to the finish in 4:20.5. Another second cut from the world record. Only 80 yards into her victory lap she was wincing when friends caught her eye. After explaining to pursuing reporters that she was happy, of course, to be always improving, but that it was frustrating to miss 4:20 by so little, she sought out Ron and got a kiss. Well, several. Pulling away, she looked at the splits he had kept. "That third quarter really sucked, didn't it?" she said. "Now I've just got to get stronger."

"No, you don't," said Ron. "You need someone to run against. When we get to Europe this summer. . . ."

"Well at least it was faster than last week," said Mary, "but the only trouble with that is if I ran 4:14, I'd turn right around and want to run 4:10."

Ah, greed. It was a luxury denied the male milers, four of whom had broken

3:50 outdoors. No matter what the pace, the field was so strong and deep that a close race was inevitable. And so as Steve Scott passed the three-quarters in 2:56.5, he was closely stalked, in order, by Tom Byers, Walker and Ray Flynn. Scott was vulnerable because he alone had followed the erratic pace set by rabbit Eddie Davis through quarters of 56.7 and 61.5 before taking the lead with a 58.3. Byers had started slower, caught up when the pace dropped and, with four laps to go, had Walker boxed on the inside. Walker, the first man ever to break 3:50, which he did with 3:49.4 in 1975, is now 30 and, for the first time since 1976, free of leg injuries. He was drawn and tan from hard training in the New Zealand summer. Now he dropped back out of Byers' box. Byers, thinking Walker was out of contention, moved to the inside behind Scott. Walker then came on with two laps left, boxing Byers. With a lap left, Walker exploded into the lead, sealing Byers against the rail until he had passed. Walker hit the tape in 3:52.8, the season's fastest time. Byers ran 3:53.6 in second, Flynn 3:54.1 in third and Scott a weary 3:55.0 in fourth. "It was one of those races," said Scott's coach, Len Miller, "when you have to be proud of your own effort and be happy for the other guy."

Walker was plenty happy for Walker. "This was the sixth time I've run here," he said, "and the first time I've won. I surprised them. I don't finish like that very often. I even surprised me."

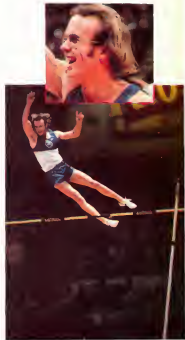
As Walker was saying those words, there was another great roar. For the third time this year Billy Olson had broken the world indoor record in the pole vault, this time adding a quarter of an inch to make 18' 9½". "The takeoff was smooth, the transition was smooth," said Olson, who affects a remarkably offhand manner about these deeds. "I knew I'd get up and over if I didn't fall apart."

Olson's three tries at 19' ¾" were all close and, to observers standing near the pit, were a study in abrupt transitions, from the breakneck abandon of his sprint down the runway, to the violent jolt of the pole slamming into the box, to the sinking bend of the implement, to the

slingshot ascent, to the long, soft—and on these occasions, unhappy—fall. It seemed a marvel that Olson could emerge from this complex sequence always the down-home explainer of simple details. "It went well this evening because we [Olson and Pacific Coast Club teammate Earl Bell] came out in the afternoon and worked with the carpenters to build a little extension of the runway so I could start out on the track," he said. "Once I had made the right adjustments [indeed, he had badly missed his first two tries at 18 feet], it was just a question of how fast I could run down this hard of ramp."

At 19 feet it wasn't quite fast enough. "Those attempts at the end were good for the way I felt," said Olson as he cleaned stickum from his hands with lighter fluid. "Didn't feel I could do 16 on the runway, but the crowd got me going. You have to really give this house credit. They deserved everything they saw tonight."

END



For the third time this season Olson soared over the world indoor pole-vault standard.



The issue isn't so much whether Herschel Walker will or Herschel Walker won't, but why shouldn't he? And, if he does, what will happen as a result? The answers to that question range from a kind of Emancipation Proclamation (football players getting freedom) to a cry of "Fire!" in a crowded theater (football players causing anarchy), depending on which strident voice you listen to. In any case, the matter is a humdinger, just like the young man on whom it centers. Broken into two parts, it follows these lines:

Part I) Walker, Georgia's All-America tailback and 1981 Heisman runner-up, says he's of a mood to challenge the NFL's rule against signing players before their college class graduates—in Walker's case, the class of 1984, two football seasons from now. Walker feels this way because he thinks the rule is "unconstitutional" and "unfair" to exceptionally gifted athletes like himself who might desire to start their pro football careers ahead of schedule. Walker doesn't say he will do this, only that he wants to explore his "options." He is, as always, a model of noncommittal cool around which everybody else seems to be sweating, trying to figure out what he might do and how

Does Herschel Have Georgia On His Mind?

Or does Herschel Walker want to go to the NFL, a move that would send tremors through college and pro football? **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

it will affect those directly involved—the NFL, the NCAA, the University of Georgia and, of course, Walker himself.

The mere fact that Walker is talking about the possibility of trying to turn pro early is reason enough to listen because he is uniquely qualified for the challenge. In the first place, all those rushing yards (3,741) and touchdowns scored (37) for Georgia the last two years are no lie. Though he won't be 20 until March 3, Walker is nonetheless a talent full-grown—not to mention a body full-grown, at a very muscular 6'2", 220 pounds. Dolphin Coach Don Shula laughed when asked last week if he thought Walker could play in the NFL now. He considered it a silly question. Shula has seen Walker on film and describes him as "awesome." Another NFL

coach said, "He could play, he could start and he could star. And he probably would make more money coming in than anybody ever has."

Second, Walker is "different," to use the word of the Georgia assistant coach who recruited him out of rural Wrightsville, Ga. What Walker sets his mind to, that coach, Mike Cavan, says, Walker does. It's not knowing what his mind is set on that drives people nuts. "Herschel marches to a different drummer," says a friend at Georgia, "and the drummer is him." Not even those closest to him are ever really sure what he's thinking. Walker's mother used to steal into his bedroom in Wrightsville to study the poetry he wrote in an attempt to divine what was on his mind.

Georgia Coach Vince Dooley talks

of the "tremendous mental discipline" Walker has, an attribute that would make challenging the NFL rule and playing pro football "before his time" something "Herschel could do if he finds it appealing enough," which Dooley doesn't think he will. Walker, Dooley says, "will give it every thought," keeping everybody off balance as long as possible, and then almost instinctively do the thing that will endear him to the most people.

As a high school senior, Walker didn't sign with Georgia until Easter Sunday, long after anybody Dooley had ever recruited, and thereby evoked a statewide sigh of relief. Last year when Montreal Alouettes owner Nelson Skalbania offered Walker a small fortune to quit college for the Canadian Football League, Walker played it to the last dying note before saying no, and when he did, he said it was because it "made no sense to grow up in one country and play football in another." He could have led the Memorial Day parade.

Dooley has discussed the pros and cons of the NFL eligibility rules with Walker and why Dooley feels those rules serve both sides. "I told Herschel I didn't disagree with his thinking," Dooley says. "In fact, I agree with him. But all rules are imperfect. They don't apply to some people. The NFL rule is a great rule for the vast majority. If it were changed, a very, very few underclassmen would make it (in the NFL), and if you consider the number who would throw away their educations to try, you'd realize it would be bad for most."

Dooley believes that when the roll is called down yonder for Georgia's first practice in the fall, Walker will be there, geared up to win the Heisman. (He doesn't have to participate in spring practice because he's running track.) Dooley thinks Walker would be "the last guy who would turn his back on what he has for the money. College life is too important to him. He's having too good a time. Until he tells me otherwise, I'm assuming he'll be here."

Meanwhile, Walker continues to say a lot about the matter without saying anything that would absolutely, positively pin him to the wall or, for that matter to the New England Patriots. The Patriots would be the likely beneficiaries if Walker decides to turn pro and gets the go-ahead from the NFL or the courts. New

England has the No. 1 pick in April's draft, which it would almost certainly use to take Walker. If a ruling in Walker's favor comes later than that but before the start of the 1982 season, the Pats would also have the No. 1 pick in a supplemental draft. A New Englander's dream: the Patriots picking Texas Defensive Tackle Kenneth Sims in April and Walker in, say, July.

Last week Walker sat with his back to a picture window separating the offices of the Georgia Bulldog Club from a hallway in The Coliseum and between

think. He said when he gets into something like this he "enjoys thinking about it." He said one of his thoughts was that "if you're riding along and come to a tree growing in the road, you can either sit there and wait till it rots, or you can move it."

He also said everybody was talking about everybody else's interests and missing the point. "I'm a religious person. I believe the Bible, and the Bible says God wants you to stand on your own two feet," Walker explained. He added that he is old enough now to speak



Walker, working out here with hurdler Bill Richard, will skip spring football for track.

smiles and waves to passersby who tapped on the glass, gave his thoughts on the issues. He said that nobody knew what he was going to do, that "a lot of people are just guessing." But as a B student in criminology with a fascination for the law—he wants to be an FBI agent—he at least knew "what's fair and what isn't." He said the inequities of the NFL eligibility rules had been on his mind a long time. He said he averages only three hours of sleep a night anyway, and that gives him plenty of time to

for himself and that he doesn't think it's right "that everybody tries to hold you back from choosing for yourself, from making your own decision." He said it isn't the money that's the issue, although he certainly could use it to help his family. "and if I get hurt before I turn pro I won't be able to do it." He said the core of the matter was that "I want to be successful, and I want to be happy, and it's my life," not the University of Georgia's

continued

life or the NFL's or anybody else's.

Would he, then, challenge the NFL?

"It is a strong possibility," he said.

When? Tomorrow? Soon?

"I never set times," he said.

And then, lounging there in the upholstered chair, his massive muscles straining the fibers of his black T shirt with the bulldog and 1989 NATIONAL CHAMPIONS in a little red-and-white circle on the left breast, he relaxed a little, and he said, "You can do a lot of things with your mind." He said, "You can create things. You can have a lot of fun."

Which brings us to:

Part II) and the more practical, less fun considerations of those with other views on the matter.

The NFL is, naturally, of a mood to repulse such a challenge, even though it expects to see Walker's flying feet on its fields one day soon, anyway. "Commissioner [Pete] Rozelle is obligated to defend the rules of the league," says Jan Van Duser, director of operations for the NFL. The eligibility rule goes back to the 1920s, and though on the surface it seems to favor the colleges, it amounts to a sweetheart deal for the pros. In return for keeping hands off the college players, the NFL gets a *de facto* farm system that assures an orderly procession of mature talent into the player draft and no bidding wars among the clubs. It also has enhanced the pros' relations with the wary colleges.

It must be remembered, however, that it isn't the draft *per se* that Walker would challenge. He knows that might be "unconstitutional, too"—it was found to be in violation of federal antitrust laws in 1976, before it was reinstated consensually by the NFL players in the Collective Bargaining Agreement of 1977—but he grants its "fairness" in maintaining competitive balance in the league. What is not fair, he says, is restraining a man "from making a living when he sees fit, not when somebody else decides he's old enough. I think I'm mature enough to play in the NFL right now, but I don't have that option."

Precedents exist for the argument that Walker should be allowed to turn pro whenever he wants. The NBA had a similar rule struck down in the landmark Spencer Haywood suit of 1971. The NBA now considers for selection anyone whose high school class has graduated

and who petitions for inclusion within 45 days of the draft, thereby declaring himself a pro. Organized Baseball has an agreement with the NCAA that allows college players to apply for the draft after their 21st birthday, or after their junior year, or after they have been out of school for at least 120 days.

But even though the NFL wouldn't relish a courtroom fight over the eligibility rule, it nevertheless must take the position that any restraint of trade in Walker's case is justifiable in the interests of the majority. Restraint of trade is the central argument in Al Davis' case to move his Oakland Raiders to Los Angeles, and the league cannot afford a damaging precedent on that issue. In the opinion of many lawyers, the eligibility rule is a breathtakingly clear-cut example of restraint of trade. Still, the NFL could win a legal battle with Walker. The fact that the 1977 Collective Bargaining Agreement accepts the eligibility rule would seem to imply that normal restraint-of-trade arguments wouldn't apply if Walker were to challenge the NFL. And even though Walker isn't yet a member of the players' union, Professor Paul Weiler of the Harvard Law School, an expert on labor and sports law, says, "There's some authority in labor and antitrust law that certainly gives the union the right to bargain about the rights of potential employees."

As for the University of Georgia's mood if Walker were to take this step, after it has wrung its hands and cried into its pillow at night, its options are pretty much exhausted. The NCAA would be obliged to do nothing. In the first place, it's already on shaky grounds with some of its limitations on athletes, and it knows it. "Our consistent reaction," says Tom Hansen, assistant executive director of the NCAA, "is not to restrict the freedom of choice of any athlete to begin a career."

Furthermore, a simple inquiry to the NFL by Walker—even if he were accompanied by a lawyer and even if the lawyer were a lawyer-agent, like Walker's friend Jack Manton of Atlanta (Manton is married to a Wrightsville girl)—wouldn't violate NCAA rules. What's more, says Steve Morgan, an NCAA lawyer who interprets these rules for the enforcement department, even if the challenge went to litigation it wouldn't necessarily constitute an attempt by Walker to turn pro. To do that, he would

continued



Hansen (left) says the ball's in Walker's court; Dooley says his back will be back.



"IT'S NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE." A TERRIFYING
THOUGHT TO SOME. HERE'S TO THOSE IT INSPIRES.



Kitty O'Neil is 5 ft. 3 in. tall, weighs 98 pounds and has been deaf since childhood. But that hasn't slowed her down.

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Kitty O'Neil has been through a lot. And after a day spent doing things that haven't been done before, Kitty O'Neil does something she has done before: she enjoys a Cutty Sark.



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Newsome thinks Walker should sit tight.

HERSCHEL WALKER *continued*

have to officially request inclusion in the draft or approach an individual club.

The irony is inescapable. Conceivably, Walker could hurl this lightning bolt and send the NFL into a screaming frenzy—then blithely pick up his Georgia helmet and go back to practice, his college eligibility intact.

The greater fear that the NCAA and caring coaches like Dooley have is that a change in the NFL's eligibility rules would result in a wholesale defection to the pros of players who would be forsaking their education for a pie-in-the-sky shot at an NFL career. And that once the

Manton thinks Walker should see Rozelle.



lid is off, says Hansen, "Unscrupulous agents would swarm over the game," trying to con young athletes into premature and potentially disastrous decisions. Such agents are already nettlesome to the NCAA, according to Hansen, and the problem would only be exacerbated by a looser standard.

But how valid, really, is that fear? If what has occurred in the NBA is a criterion, a wholesale defection isn't likely. Since 1976, only 43 basketball players who still retained college eligibility have filed for the pro draft; 20 made NBA teams, a surprisingly good percentage. Their number includes the likes of Magic Johnson, Isiah Thomas and Mark Aguirre. After '76, when 17 filed and only five made NBA teams, a natural wariness grew on both the pros' part—clubs are more selective in the draft—and on the part of the athletes themselves. Meanwhile, college basketball attendance is up, revenues are up, television ratings are up.

In football, the selection process would probably be even more rigorous because college football players mature less rapidly than their basketball brothers. Nevertheless, a real talent like Walker would be impossible to pass up. Or to hide. Tension would surely arise between college football coaches, already famous for their paranoia, and pro scouts, and that would have to be dealt with. Such tension exists in basketball, where certain scouts have been made unwelcome at certain schools. For instance, until recently LSU refused even to help visiting scouts buy tickets to its games. But the greater danger would appear to be agents, because for them the stakes are incredibly high and big money only a percentage deal away. Manton, a "lawyer who does sports law" and who has among his NBA clients San Antonio's Mike Mitchell, Milwaukee's Sidney Moncrief and Atlanta's Eddie Johnson, says there's not much that can be done about bad agents except hope that the more scrupulous ones will rise to the top. He says he has told "all 50" of the undergraduate basketball players who have come to him with the idea of filing for the draft to "go back to school."

What, then, is he telling Walker?

Yes, says Manton, they "talk," but since an insurance deal he tried to arrange for Walker a year or so ago got struck down by the NCAA, he has been very careful what they talk about. "But if

he were to ask me what to do," says Manton, "I would say, 'Know your options. Determine what will make you the happiest.' He has stated he would discuss his options with the NFL. I think he should talk to the commissioner and then determine if he wants to litigate."

Manton doesn't pretend to know what Walker will do. To the contrary, he doesn't even speculate. Those who know Walker as well or better are no less reluctant. Bob Newsome, the Wrightsville Ford dealer who has been Walker's longtime friend and benefactor, was recently quoted as saying "he'll stay" at Georgia. Two days later Walker refuted the forecast. "I don't see how anyone can speak for me," he said. Newsome, stung, retreated from his position, but still pushes for Walker to stay.

"Oh, I think he could challenge the NFL and win," Newsome says. "But I think somewhere in his life it would leave a void. The Heisman he didn't win, the Olympics he didn't run in, the records he would have set. He could wait two years. The money is going to come anyway. He'll be a millionaire five times over. Once you make five million, you don't stop and count it every day."

Walker admits that the Heisman "meant a lot to me" as a sophomore, when he privately harbored a dream of winning an unprecedented three straight, but "it doesn't mean anything anymore," and that running in the Olympics is something "anybody off the street would say he wants to do." Newsome says Walker says that now, "but even though he's not a publicity seeker and wouldn't do something just to get his name in the paper, he really wanted those things. Even now, deep down, the Heisman means something to him. I hope for his sake he stays in school. He's good for sport. He's good for people. I'd hate to see him called a renegade. He'd win, but what would he win?"

Cavan says a "mutual friend" has indicated that Walker will stay at Georgia, "but if he left tomorrow, it wouldn't surprise me." Cavan, naturally, thinks Walker would be "making a mistake to leave, because he'll be passing up the chance to be the greatest college player who ever lived. Two more years and there wouldn't be anything on God's green earth he couldn't have."

"But I suppose," Cavan says, "in all boils down to how much of a legend he wants to be."

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Oh, What Might Have Been

George McGinnis, a transcendent star in his day, is now playing out the string in Indiana **by BRUCE NEWMAN**

Once there was something sublime about George McGinnis, an almost mythic combination of quickness and strength that made him all but unstoppable on a basketball court. McGinnis' body appeared to be hewn out of stone, and he possessed a first step that was full of thunder. "When I came into the ABA," McGinnis says, "I was like a god. I felt there was no one who was ever going to stop me, that I was going to be a dominant force every time I took the court. That's how supreme I felt and that's how supreme I played."

He had magnificent gifts, but there was also something about McGinnis that seemed too good to be true. "He would make moves that you'd swear were physically impossible," says Phil Janner of the *Philadelphia Daily News*, who covered McGinnis' first season in Philadelphia. "We would watch him do unbelievable things, then we'd look at each other and say, 'Don't write it down, it never happened.'" As long as people believed in him, McGinnis could do almost anything but, as time went by, people stopped believing in him and began believing in his potential. And that was impossible to live up to.

McGinnis had played on two ABA championship teams for the Indiana Pacers when in effect he traded himself to Philadelphia in 1975. But, more than the titles, it was his potential to inject life into a moribund team that aroused 76er fans. Potential can be a wonderful commodity, and McGinnis had a ton of it. People looked at the 6' 8", 235-pound forward as a savior ("Let George Do It" was the 76ers' slogan that first year). And the more people came to expect from

him, the more he was reduced by that expectation until something within him seemed to wither and die. "I always got the feeling that George believed no matter what he did, it wouldn't be enough," says Donnie Walsh, who coached McGinnis in Denver, to which he was traded in 1978. "People look at a guy's physical attributes and think his potential is unlimited. It's not fair." In 1980 Walsh shipped McGinnis back to the Pacers, back home again to Indiana.

"I withdrew from the world not because I had enemies, but because I had friends. Not because they did me an ill turn, as is customary, but because they thought me better than I am. It was a lie I could not endure."

—Albert Camus

A freezing January rain has been falling all morning in Indianapolis, reducing the flow of traffic to a low-gear bump and grind. Inside Market Square Arena the Indiana Pacers are slowly going through Philadelphia 76er plays, the Indiana starters lined up against a dummy team of Sixers composed of some of the Pacers' lesser lights. While Butch Carter assumes the silky insouciance of Maurice Cheeks, George Johnson affects the spectral slouch of Bobby Jones. And for a moment that is not without a measure of poignance, George McGinnis has become Julius Erving!

Assistant Coach George Irvine leads the reserves through the 76er offense and repeatedly addresses McGinnis as "Julius" or "Doc." The role McGinnis has been assigned isn't meant to be demean-



ing, but there was a time when he and Erving were the best young forwards in the game. For two years they played side by side—though not always together—in Philadelphia. "When the 76ers got Dr. J," says Walsh, "Julius was a high-wire act. George had the body and the quickness, and when he wanted to be, he was the best defensive rebounder in the game. So it seemed reasonable to think that George would become the real star.

But it just didn't work out that way."

George McGinnis and Julius Erving are nearly the same age (Erving turned 32 on Feb. 22; McGinnis will be 32 on Aug. 12), but their careers have gone in different directions since they played together. Erving is secure up on his high wire, a perennial All-Pro, while McGinnis struggles for playing time at Indiana; last week he was averaging 4.9 points a game and shooting 49% from the foul

line. And he has become more valuable as a make-believe Julius Erving than as the real George McGinnis. "It's strange," says George's wife, Lynda, "how they can erase you from the face of the earth and make it seem as if you never existed."

McGinnis grew up on the dust-bowl playgrounds of Indianapolis, not far from where Oscar Robertson had dazzled more than a decade before. George was the younger of two children of Willie and Burnie McGinnis, a carpenter killed in 1969 when he fell off a scaffold. Most of George's friends were older than he, so he was excluded from the playground games. "They didn't want me," McGinnis recalls. "I supplied the ball but I never got to play."

When he was a senior at Indianapolis Washington, McGinnis was named to one high school All-America football team as an end, then led the Continentals' basketball team to a 31-0 record and the state championship. He was also named Indiana's Mr. Basketball—a great honor in a state that is absolutely mad about high school basketball—and in a game that summer against Kentucky's all-stars, McGinnis had 53 points and 30 rebounds. The University of Kentucky's Adolph Rupp, whose teams won 880 games in his 41 seasons as coach, called McGinnis "one of the greatest high school players I've ever seen."

As a sophomore at Indiana University in 1970-71, McGinnis led the Big Ten in scoring, averaging 29.9 points and 14.4 rebounds a game, then turned pro. He left Indiana just before Bobby Knight replaced Lou Watson as coach, and, though he never played a game for Knight, the two are close. McGinnis, who has often been accused of being selfish and egotistical, frequently speaks to Knight's players in the locker room before games. "Probably my biggest disappointment is that I never played for Bobby," McGinnis says. "I don't know if it would have made me a better player, but I think it would have given me different values."

continued

McGinnis is back home again in Indiana, but he's sitting a great deal more than playing.



McGinnis became a pro in 1971-72 on a veteran Pacer team that, under Coach Slick Leonard, didn't believe in working hard until the playoffs. That approach worked so well that the Pacers won ABA championships in McGinnis' first two seasons.

McGinnis fit in perfectly because he despised practice. In his rookie season he averaged 16.9 points and 9.1 rebounds. And then for the next three seasons he averaged 27.7 points a game and 13.9 rebounds. "He's so strong you'd swear he weighed 300 pounds," former ABA star Willie Wise once said, "and he may be quicker than Julius Erving. When you play against him, it's a meeting of the body rather than a game of the mind. The only way to stop him is to take a gun and shoot yourself and hope he feels sorry for you."

McGinnis' lightning first step and his thundering rushes to the hoop offset the fact that he was never a great jumper. "In high school and college I could jump over guys (because he was bigger). Then in the pros, I began to hesitate. . . I think all players have a real fear of having their shots blocked." The result was a sort of one-hand push or shotput move that made pundits cringe. Playing next to the supersmooth Erving for two years didn't help. "His shot was considered artistry,"

McGinnis says, "and mine was considered showboating."

In 1975, he was signed by the NBA's New York Knicks, who were eager to have a gate attraction to compete with Erving, then playing on Long Island for the New York Nets. However, Philadelphia held the NBA draft rights to McGinnis. And the 76ers wanted him, badly. Philadelphia forced the Knicks to relinquish their claim, and in mid-July, 1975 the 76ers signed McGinnis to a six-year, \$3 million-plus contract. As the first of the ABA superstars to jump to the NBA and flourish there, he gave credibility to the newer league and helped bring about a merger in the summer of 1976.

Had it not been for the money, McGinnis would never have left Indiana, where he had been making about \$250,000 a year. When he went to Philadelphia the 76ers were no bargain. During the 1972-73 season they had gone 9-73; they improved to 25-57 the next year and then under new Coach Gene Shue, they had won 34 games in 1974-75. "When I came it was considered almost sinful in Philadelphia to talk about the 76ers," McGinnis says. "Everybody was so disgusted with the team."

Nobody was more disgusted than Philadelphia General Manager Pat Williams, who brought McGinnis to the Sixers. "George was the turnaround factor in pro basketball in this town," Williams says. "Julius put up the walls and a roof, but it was George who built the foundation."

McGinnis averaged 23 points and 12.6 rebounds his first season as the 76ers won 46 games and made the playoffs for the first time since 1970-71. Attendance jumped more than 5,000 a game, to an average of almost 12,500. "We gave the city some hope," McGinnis says. "We made them proud of something they had been ashamed of." Shue says, "I don't know how many games that first year he just took over and won by doing something great on his own."

"We had vintage George McGinnis at that point," Williams says. "Our fans were crazy about him from Day 1, and they never left him. If Pete Rose or Mike Schmidt go bad for a while, the fans get on them right away. But never George. Even through all the flustering during the playoffs there was never a boo."

Of all the things that went wrong in Philadelphia, nothing has haunted McGinnis more than his collapse in the playoffs. Indeed, his postseason woes seemed to presage his later failures. In his first postseason in Philadelphia, McGinnis was inconsistent, scoring 34 points in one game, then fouling out of the next after scoring just 15 points as Buffalo beat Philly in a mini-series. "All those years in Indiana he had carried the Pacers," Williams says. "We envisioned him doing that in the playoffs for us, but it didn't happen." His performance against Buffalo seemed so out of character that no one—least of all McGinnis—knew his self-confidence was about to unravel. "And the next year it got worse and worse," says Williams.

The 1976-77 NBA season was probably the most chaotic and fascinating year in the history of the sport. The merger of the ABA and the NBA had occurred the preceding summer, bringing players like Erving, San Antonio's George Gervin and David Thompson of Denver into NBA arenas. Dave Cowens walked off the job in Boston. Bill Walton and Maurice Lucas were walking off with the fans' hearts in Portland, and on Oct. 20 the incomparable Dr. J was sold to the 76ers for \$3 million. When the deal was announced, almost everyone was shocked, but not McGinnis.

Shue and Williams had approached McGinnis to acknowledge the gratitude they owed him for turning the franchise around. And then they told McGinnis that if he didn't want to share the spotlight with another virtuoso, they would go no further in their negotiations with the Nets. "If I hadn't wanted them to do it, they wouldn't have," McGinnis says. "I could have been very selfish and said no, and Julius would never have been in Philadelphia and I would probably still be there."

Neither Williams nor Shue will say now what he would have done had McGinnis said no. "We probably put him in a tough position," Williams admits. "What was he going to say—no?" There is no question that the move shook

McGinnis is up in the air about his future in basketball.



McGinnis' confidence, although he is the only one who knows how much. "Doc took some of George's thunder away," said Kevin Loughery, then the Nets' coach. "Inside, George had to feel at—no big star likes to be put in the shadow."

McGinnis and Erving were often played off against one another in the Philadelphia papers, but there was never any feud, not even much of a friendly rivalry. "Julius is a friend of mine," McGinnis says now, "and we were great competitors in the ABA. Julius had said

Bibby in the backcourt, frontcourt men Caldwell Jones and Harvey Catchings, and some backup players named Lloyd Free, Steve Mix and Darryl Dawkins. "We were absolutely a traveling circus," Williams says. "That team was one of the great shows in the history of sports." Nearly everywhere the Sixers went they played before sellout crowds. "Sometimes on the road the fans would end up cheering for the Sixers instead of the home team," Shue recalls. McGinnis felt his team's popularity was the result of a

by that time were properly embarrassed.

There were also adjustments that had to be made on the court. "I knew it would be difficult trying to blend two great players like that," Shue says, "because to be effective both of them needed the ball more than they were going to get it." And there were other Sixers who liked to play with the ball a little bit, too. "We had a 'George' play, a 'Doug' play, a 'Julius' play, a 'Lloyd' play," McGinnis says. "You came down the floor and waited for your play. I certainly didn't try 100% in every game. We were all dogging it in a sense. I could do nothing but watch. When it was my turn, it was four other guys' turn to watch."

For all their individuality, the 76ers were still the best team in the East. After eliminating Boston in seven games and Houston in six in the conference finals, the Sixers faced Portland in a championship series struggle of two extreme opposites. The Trail Blazers were the embodiment of unselfishness and teamwork, with Walton, Lucas, Bob Gross, Lionel Hollins and Dave Twardzik playing for Jack Ramsay the way Bill Bradley, Dave DeBusschere & Co. had seven years earlier for Red Holzman in New York. As good as the 76ers were, they weren't unflawed. Erving and McGinnis had spent the regular season staying out of each other's way; neither asserted any leadership. When Erving asserted himself in the playoffs, McGinnis stepped meekly aside to accommodate him. "He kept giving and giving to make Julius comfortable," Lynda McGinnis says. "When the time came for them to need him, he didn't have it to give anymore."

They didn't need him much the first two games, which they won at home. But the Blazers took the next three for a 3-2 series lead.

McGinnis played most of the championship series with a severe groin pull, for which he claims to have had cortisone and xylocaine shots that numbed his left leg from hip to knee. He couldn't jump normally and his act didn't come together until the sixth game, in Portland. After averaging just 13.4 points during the 76ers' first 18 playoff games, he finally struck for 28 in Game 6, only to miss a shot at the end that would have tied the score and could have resulted in a seventh game in Philadelphia. "I played poorly the whole series," he says, "but I still don't think I was the reason we lost." Some of his teammates hadn't been so

continued



At least George can control the game when he plays Intellivision with his son Tony, 13.

that one of the reasons he was glad to be coming into the NBA [with the Nets] was because he was looking forward to playing against me again, and I was proud of that. When the 76ers got him, I thought it was tremendous. It was inevitable that people would say we hated each other, but Julius and I knew it wasn't true and we were above it. We knew, too, that we would be played off against each other." Occasionally the two of them would confer to avoid incipient controversy. "They [the media] would ask George something," says Erving, "then ask me the same thing, like they were trying to get me to contradict George's opinion. The whole thing was crazy."

McGinnis and Erving were only two of the players in the 76ers' bizarre little troupe. Philadelphia's lineup that year also included Doug Collins and Henry

variety of intangibles. "I think most of white America thought of us as a bunch of bigmouth, cocky, high-priced niggers," he says. "There will never, ever be another team like that."

Early that season the 76ers played before a crowd of 27,383 in the New Orleans Superdome, then an NBA record. Most had come to see Erving, but McGinnis put on a 37-point show in a victory over the Jazz. At dinner later that night, McGinnis was approached by two waitresses who wanted his autograph. Before McGinnis had a chance to sign, one of them bubbled nervously. "You're Dr. J, aren't you?" A chagrined look flashed across his face for a moment; if this sort of thing could happen on a night when he had scored 37, it was clear he was in for a lot more of it. McGinnis regained his composure quickly and began to tease the waitresses, who

charitable, teasing him for his ineptitude and taunting him in front of the press as the team practiced. McGinnis' free-throw shooting, never exceptional, became an embarrassment, and then the rest of his game fell apart. "Portland gave him the outside shot and he couldn't hit it," Williams says. "Not one. You saw a great player who simply couldn't do it anymore. At that point the coaches were ready to pull the plug."

Shue was the first to try to trade McGinnis, but the Portland series had greatly diminished his market value. When Shue was fired early the next sea-

son, and they wouldn't work hard either."

Cunningham shoulders some of the blame. "It was my first year as a coach ... and I hadn't been a great practice player anyway," he says, "so when George would cut corners, I let it slide. If I had it to do over again, I'm sure I'd do things differently."

Meanwhile, McGinnis was accused in the press of sneaking cigarettes in practice. He denied it. At the end of the season when Denver offered Bobby Jones and Ralph Simpson in exchange for McGinnis, the 76ers leaped at the opportunity.

"Doc and George didn't complement each other well," Cunningham insists. "They both tried so hard to play together that at times they hurt the team. They ended up sacrificing a lot of things that made them the great players they were."

McGinnis was unable to separate the business realities of the trade from the element of his relationship with Cunningham. "I was so disgusted and hurt by what had happened," McGinnis recalls, "that I didn't talk to Billy for three years. I was made to feel like a scapegoat. I was depressed for a year. It was like somebody had put a needle in me and let all the air out. It hurt me more than anything in my life, like I was losing part of my body. There were times when I went off by myself and cried."

If it took McGinnis a year to get over being traded to the Nuggets, it took Denver longer to recover from the loss of Jones, a great team player and a defensive standout. The deal was forged by Carl Scheer, the Nuggets' president and general manager, and Larry Brown, who was the coach and Scheer's close friend. "I don't know who was the first to say 'Let's get George,'" Scheer says. "Larry felt we weren't going to go farther in the playoffs without a power player. Events proved it was a very bad trade for us."

Jones, an epileptic, had been plagued by related health problems that were exacerbated by Denver's high altitude, and that sealed the deal. "We knew George's reputation and that it was something of a risk," Scheer admits. "We perceived him

to be the strong, unselfish performer he was with the Indiana Pacers, because that's what we wanted him to be. We knew about his problems in Philadelphia, but we thought that if we got him in the right environment we could get him back to what he had been at Indiana." In other words, what McGinnis heard when he arrived in Denver was the sound of one hand clapping. That hand wasn't Larry Brown's.

In 1978 the Nuggets also acquired Charlie Scott, another deal Brown was forced to defend. "They've both been misunderstood," he said. "They haven't had a lot of love."

In McGinnis' case, there was probably some truth in that, but Brown sometimes found it difficult to express his love to George. Early in the Nuggets' training camp that fall, McGinnis balked at one of Brown's layup drills. "Most of the things Larry taught were things I thought I already did anyway," McGinnis says. "It was driving me nuts. Finally I said, 'I know I can help the ball club, but I want to be treated like a man.' I told him that in front of the entire team and the coaches. I told him if he wanted to trade me he could, and he said, 'Fine.'" Brown tried to have McGinnis traded, but to no avail. "I think Larry had real bad feelings about him after that," Scheer says.

Brown despised McGinnis' practice habits. "It gnawed at me," says Brown, now coach of the New Jersey Nets, "and some of the other guys took it bad. I'd tell George how much we needed him and what he needed to do, and he'd say, 'Perfect, Coach.' Then in practice he'd be last in everything, pulling up for that trashy jumper, forgetting what we talked about. He was so gifted he never had to work. If he ever decided what he could do, he could still be a great player."

Just as the presence of Erving had confused McGinnis and hastened his decline in Philadelphia, there was now David Thompson to share the ball with in Denver; and not only Thompson, but Scott and Center Dan Issel, too. "George wasn't the greatest guy to play with," Thompson says, "but he wasn't really selfish. When you're a great player you want to do a little too much. I think George got caught up in that."

"He thought immediately that he was the man, and that restricted both our games. George had a more dominant personality, so he was the guy they would go to. I had to change my game

Wife Lynda thinks George was too selfish in Philly.

son, he was replaced by Billy Cunningham, a three-time NBA All-Pro and a former teammate and close friend of McGinnis'. Cunningham quickly reassured McGinnis. "As long as I'm here, you're going to be here," Billy said.

Oddly enough, it wasn't Philadelphia's 4-2 wipeout loss to the Washington Bullets in the 1977-78 Eastern Conference finals that sealed McGinnis' fate so much as it was his practice habits. "He was getting by all those years on sheer talent," Williams says. "He was never a hard worker. Given a choice between paying the price and cutting a corner, George would always cut the corner. He was a forceful personality, and he set the tone for that team. If he didn't work hard, the younger players would see it

more than anybody else, but it seemed like that wasn't appreciated."

McGinnis averaged 22.6 points and 11.4 rebounds his first season in Denver, but it wasn't a particularly congenial year for the Nuggets. Scheer refused to trade Isel, which Brown had demanded. Brown, in a state of near emotional collapse, resigned midway through the season and was replaced by his assistant, Walsh. Scheer often held players accountable for losses, which he did the night he stormed into the locker room after a close defeat and, in front of the whole team, screamed at Anthony Roberts that he was responsible for losing the game. "I don't think George liked the way they treated the players in Denver," Thompson says. "A lot of guys don't."

McGinnis tore ligaments in his left ankle near the end of that first Denver season and missed the playoffs. The leg was put in a cast, and the cast wasn't removed until late summer. He reported to camp in September at 260 pounds, 25 over his playing weight. The Nuggets lost their first seven games, and Scheer kept reminding McGinnis that he was supposed to carry the team. "George lost his confidence after that," Walsh says. "He wasn't the same. When everyone looked to George as the man here, he was sensational. But after it got confusing to him, he seemed to lose his edge."

"George always kept the game in its proper perspective, and I'm not sure

that's a good thing for a great player. They have to have such enormous egos to do what they do that they think the game, and their part in it, is the most important thing in the world. George used to think that in 10 years we'd all be the answer to a trivia question. Well, that's not a bad attitude for most people, but an athlete has to believe what he's doing is important. You have to be a little boy to play this game well, and George's problem has always been that he's a man. Maybe too much of one for his own good. You can only tell someone as sensitive as George that it's his fault for so long before he begins to believe it."

Fifty-six games into his second season, McGinnis was peddled to Indiana for Forward Alex English and a first-round draft choice. "I felt I had let the organization and myself down," McGinnis says. "I felt I deserved to be traded."

Maurice Lucas has a theory about how McGinnis was destroyed as a player. Lucas, who had guarded McGinnis in the fateful Philadelphia-Portland series, which catapulted Lucas into prominence as the NBA's premier power forward, is now playing for the Knicks, his fifth pro team. "George wouldn't hurt a fly," Lucas told *The Village Voice* recently, "but he got moved around the league a lot and then it began to crop up that George maybe wasn't as good as he was made out to be. . . . If you're the coach or the general manager, and you bring in a guy

who's supposed to help the team, and you pay him money and the team still loses, someone's got to take the fall. . . . So if you get George McGinnis and you still lose, it's easy to say, well, McGinnis is the problem, he doesn't fit in with the team. And if you're George McGinnis and you've heard this a bunch of times, you might believe it."

McGinnis no longer knows what to believe, only that he can no longer believe in himself. And yet a few voices say George McGinnis can still play. Brown, who gave up on him, believes he can. Shue, who gave up on him, too, believes. "I don't think he's lost any of his skills," says Shue, who's now coaching the Washington Bullets for the second time. "He's still an excellent rebounder. The only thing George needs is to get with a team that says, 'Here's the ball, George. Go do it.'"

It's obvious that the Pacers don't believe in McGinnis—not this McGinnis—and earlier this season they tried to persuade him to retire. McGinnis says he thought about retiring for a while, then decided that he didn't want to go out with his head down, not at close to \$500,000 a season. "I still feel I can make a contribution," he says, "but it's tough for me to have a normal game now. They expect so much." Pacer Coach Jack McKinney concedes he may have given up on McGinnis too quickly when he got off to a poor start this season. "He doesn't have that ability that used to make him so awesome," McKinney says. "Some of the things he could do when he got his 30 points a night aren't there anymore, but he compensates in some pretty nice ways. I didn't give him enough encouragement. A good player doesn't go sour at once without a loss of confidence."

For the time being, McGinnis has resigned himself to playing out his string with the Pacers, hoping for a trade. "Being the type of sensitive person I am," he says, "if I don't feel good vibes from the people I'm playing for, I don't shoot well, I don't pass well, I don't do nothing well. If I'd had the inner strength, there's no telling what I would have done. . . . It hasn't been easy for me."

One thing is certain: McGinnis has given up trying to do it alone, and there aren't a lot of people waiting to help. "He may have given up," Thompson says. "He may be content with his position. They can break you if they want to. Maybe they broke George."

McGinnis says any friction between him and Erving was a fiction born of media hype



Part II: Bang! Bang! You're Out

It was early in the 1965 season that I first heard the two words that were to haunt me for the rest of my career: Earl Weaver.

Earl Weaver has become one of the greatest managers in the history of baseball. When he retires, he'll go directly from the Baltimore Orioles dugout into the Hall of Fame. He is a genius at motivating ballplayers and manipulating his team on the field. While some managers are thinking ahead two or three innings, Earl is already in the middle of the next week. It's impossible not to admire him, but it's pretty hard for me to like him.

Earl Weaver is the worst enemy umpires ever had. He'll come screaming out of the dugout at the drop of the temperature. He'll scream and yell and make life miserable for everyone around him. Except for a few months at the end of the 1968 season when he went up to the Orioles to replace Hank Bauer and I stayed in Triple-A, we were together from 1965 in the Double-A Eastern League until I retired at the end of the 1979 season. We got along slightly worse than Hugh Hefner and the Moral Majority. Eventually our relationship got so bad that Weaver's players would establish a betting pool before the game trying to guess what inning I'd throw him out. So I might dump him in the fifth and look into the Oriole dugout and Mark Belanger or Jim Palmer or Don Buford would be jumping up and down and cheering, "Fifth inning,

that's me!" It reached the point that the American League office transferred me when my crew went into Baltimore.

It started in June 1965, in Reading, Pa. Weaver's Elmira Pioneers came into town for a four-game series. I'd heard other umpires talk about him, but I'd never had him for a game and firmly believed I could handle him. We got off to a bad start at the pregame meeting at home plate. He politely introduced himself. I was aggressively unimpressed. Then I told him who I was, and he seemed less impressed than I was, which immediately turned me off.

By this time I was getting very good at throwing people out of games. I'd only gotten 11 my entire first season, but I was well on my way to a personal record and it was only June. Two umpires usually work a game in the low minors, one calling balls and strikes and the other handling plays in the field. That first night I was out in the field and there was a close play at second base in a late inning. It was a sliding tag play and I was pretty sure I got it right, but Weaver came out of the dugout like a cannon shot. He was screaming and telling me I was a rotten umpire and I'd never last in baseball, and finally I gave him the thumb. Had I known what was to follow, I would've had George Soslak commemorate the occasion with a painted baseball. George was a fellow Eastern League umpire who used to do that sort



of thing to make a little extra money.

The second night I was behind the plate and Weaver started with the very first pitch of the game. I'd call, "High, ball one," and I'd hear this squeaky voice yelling from Elmira's dugout, "Ball's not

The Ump And The Manager

When an irresistible force (Umpire Ron Luciano) met a reprobable—and removable—object (Oriole Manager Earl Weaver), the outcome was very often ejection

by **RON LUCIANO** and **DAVID FISHER**



Earl and I would argue about anything and everything, but in the end I usually won.

high." He'd complain on every pitch that went against him. "Where was that one?" "He didn't swing." "You missed it again?" I'd never had anyone do that to me before, and it really started irritating me. Every pitch. "Bounced in the dirt." "Worst call yet." Finally, in the middle of the third inning, I walked over to his dugout and told him he couldn't continue yelling at me. He said he'd keep yelling at me as long as I was wrong. Then I asked him how loud he could yell.

"Why?" he asked.

"Cause you're gonna be doing it from the clubhouse!" It wasn't a great exit line, but, then, it was only the minors.

I didn't want to throw him out the

third night. I was already in trouble with the league office for being too quick on the trigger, and I'd gotten him two nights in a row. But I couldn't help myself. Again I was in the field, and again there was a close play at second. By this time Weaver had me so intimidated I probably did miss it. He came barreling out of the dugout like an overdue express train, and I had him out of the game before he reached the pitcher's mound.

Now I was 3 for 3. I didn't want to make it a four-game sweep. Before the next game I sat by myself and tried to relax. I told myself not to pay any attention to his antics. I was determined to remain calm and keep my temper in check.

He lasted 20 seconds. When he came up to the plate to exchange starting line-ups with the other manager he looked up at me—Earl is 5' 7" and I'm 6' 4"—and cracked, "How 'bout it, Luciano, you gonna be as bad tonight as you've been the first three games?"

I gave him the only possible answer. "Earl," I said, "you're never gonna find out." I got him 4 for 4, at least tying a record, and our relationship went downhill from there.

Weaver and I spent the 1967 season in Triple-A, and our relationship continued to develop. That was the year he stole

continued

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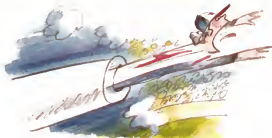


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Weaver was on me like a cannon shot to inform me of his displeasure with my decisions.

THE UMP continued

second base on me, another managerial first. I made a call at second that got him so mad he ran onto the field, picked up second base and took it with him back into the dugout. He refused to give it back to me.

I asked the groundkeeper for a replacement, but he told me he was all out of second bases.

"C'mon," I told Earl, "you gotta give me back the base. We can't play baseball without the bases." The logic didn't move him, so I warned him if he didn't give it back to me I'd forfeit the game.

"Ronnie," he told me, "you'll never forfeit a game in the minors because if you do you'll never make it to the majors. If they see you can't handle games down here, they'll never bring you up."

I was livid. He had discovered my weak point. Nothing infuriated me more than hearing Earl Weaver make sense. Eventually I negotiated a loan of his second base and we finished the game.

Only twice in my career did I actually throw a manager out of the game before it started. The first was that time I got Earl in the minor leagues. The second time I got him in the major leagues.

The afternoon I ejected him in the

major leagues marked a personal high for me. We were playing a doubleheader in Baltimore, and I got him both games. I was at first base for the first game. He came out in a late inning to argue a call and I started laughing, because I knew I was going to get him. "That's the trouble with you," he started screaming at me. "You don't take anything seriously; all you care about is throwing your arms in the air and jumping around." As he yelled that, he threw his arms in the air in an extremely poor Luciano imitation.

"You can't throw your arms in the air," I screamed right back at him. "You're not an umpire." Then I gave him the thumb.

Before the second game began he came quietly up to home plate with his lineup. Earl is one of the managers who take this exchange seriously. Earl took the Three Stooges seriously. "Now, Ron," he said calmly, "I want you to take this game seriously. I want you to call balls and strikes the way they're supposed to be called."

I grimaced and shook my head sadly. "Earl," I told him, "I don't know how to tell you this, but it doesn't matter what you think, 'cause you're not going to be here to see it." Then I gave him the heave-ho.

Naturally he was upset. He refused to hand over his lineup card. "You're not serious about this game, and I'm not going to let you umpire," he said.

"Oh, yeah?" I said. I grabbed the lineup right out of his hand, holding out a carbon copy to the ball boy, who was supposed to take it to the official scorer. "Don't take it," Weaver snapped.

"Hey," I said to Earl, "you can't tell him that 'cause you're not here. You're out of the game." The poor ball boy didn't know what to do, but eventually I got the starting lineups to the scorer. Weaver left the field and managed the Orioles to a victory from the runway leading from the dugout to the clubhouse.

I had a good game behind the plate. Not an argument. In the newspapers the following day Weaver was quoted as saying he was pleased with my performance, and claimed to have motivated me to take my job seriously. He was partly right; I was so glad he wasn't around I had a good time.

Baseball is Earl's religion, and he thought I was being sacrilegious. He saw the ball park as a beautiful chapel, but when I was around there was a problem with bats in the belfry. I think the incident that finally convinced him I was beyond redemption occurred in Chicago my second year in

Excerpted from the Bantam book "The Umpire Strikes Back," by Ron Luciano and David Fisher, to be published in hardcover in April.

the majors. I was working the plate in the seventh inning of a close game. Tommy John was pitching for the White Sox and Don Buford was the Oriole batter. As John began winding up, the ball squirted out of his hand and dribbled a few feet behind the pitcher's mound. Tommy continued his follow-through because he didn't want to risk straining his arm by stopping abruptly. I couldn't resist the opportunity. I threw up my right arm. "Strike one."

Buford stepped out of the batter's box and glared at me. "What the hell are you doing?"

"It caught the inside corner," I said. Ed Herrmann, the White Sox catcher, agreed. "It was a good pitch. Don."

Weaver was on me in an instant, screaming about my making a mockery

continued



When Weaver retires, I think he should go directly from the dugout to the Hall of Fame.

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of the game. I told him it was just a joke, he said I was just a joke, and I changed the call.

With other managers, Ralph Houk for example, when a game's over, it's done. He never holds a grudge, and umpires appreciate that. Weaver never forgets. He's convinced all umpires hold grudges against him. Once, in 1975, we got into an argument about a play at third base, and he screamed at me, "You couldn't get that play right in Elmira, and you still can't get it right."

If I had been clever enough, I would have asked him to at least appreciate the fact that I was consistent, but I didn't think of it. All I could think about was that this man accused other people of holding grudges and he was still angry.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOY MOSE



What kind of manager steals second base?

about a play that had taken place 10 years earlier. There was only one thing to say to him. Goodbye.

Surprisingly I usually got along very well with Baltimore's catchers. I think I was sorry for them. Earl Williams wasn't a great catcher, but he disliked Weaver more than I did, so with that in common we became good friends. The only thing we ever argued about was who Weaver yelled at more. "You think he yells at you?" Williams would complain. "You should hear what he yells at me."

"I don't know about that," I'd reply. "The guy's on my back every pitch."

"Sure, but that's only during the game," he'd counter. "At least you don't have to listen to him in the clubhouse."

"That's true," I'd say, "but he doesn't talk about you in the papers."

"Weekly or daily?"

Elrod Hendricks, on the other hand, tried to serve as a buffer between me and Weaver. "Now, Ron, just relax," he'd caution when he felt Weaver was really getting to me. "You know Earl. He's not happy unless he's not happy."

In Weaver's war with umpires he has even sought a technological advantage. The Orioles installed a closed-circuit television system in Memorial Stadium and put monitors, television sets, in their clubhouse. Whenever there was a close play on the field, someone would run into the clubhouse to check the replay and signal the result to a coach standing in the corner of the dugout, who would relay the signal to Weaver, usually already en route to his argument. They had one signal if the umpire was correct, another if he was wrong. If the replay showed the umpire had blown the play, Weaver would be all over him, but if it showed the umpire had made the right call, he'd leave after putting up a perfunctory fight.

That worked very well, until the night we stole Weaver's signs. Once we knew his system we just waited for the right opportunity. With Earl we knew we wouldn't have to wait too long. The first time he charged out of the dugout the four umpires on the field looked past him into the Oriole dugout at Coach Frank Robinson. Weaver started arguing, taking glances over his shoulder at Robinson. Finally Robinson gave him the "stop" sign, meaning the replay showed that the umpire had made a good call.

Weaver yelled his last few words, then turned around to return to his dugout—and ran right into 6'4" Bill Haller. He turned the other way and 6'1" Ken Kauter was standing there, his arms crossed in front of his chest, smiling. Then he turned to face me "Gom' somewhere, Earl?" I asked. "How come you're in such a hurry this time?" Once we had him trapped in an umpire sandwich, we really let him have it. We hounded him off the field. That marked the end of Earl Weaver's Instant Replay Signal System—for about two games.

The strangest protest in which I ever was involved was lodged by Weaver, although I don't think anything concerning me and Earl could really be considered strange. I believe I have made it clear that we don't get along. Once, for example, before a game, we were having a very calm discussion about managing. He tried to convince me that the most a

manager can do is try to arrange things so that certain hitters will face certain pitchers. I told him he didn't know what he was talking about, because I had been watching him outmanage people in four leagues over 15 years. He told me I was crazy. I told him he was twice as crazy as I was. Finally one of his coaches stepped in and told us to stop shouting at each other. We were in the middle of an argument and didn't even realize it.

Our serious problems started in 1976. I was out in Oakland and a local reporter asked me who my favorite manager was. I told him it was former Oakland Manager Alvin Dark. Couldn't hurt, right?

Then, unfortunately, he asked me which manager I liked the least. Naturally I tried my best to avoid a direct answer. "WEAVER!" I shouted. "EARL WEAVER!" I would have spelled it for him, I would have written it down, I would even have hired skywriters.

The only problem I've ever had with newspapermen is that they write for newspapers. If they had just kept my opinions to themselves I never would have had any trouble. Weaver read my comments and didn't appreciate my sense of humor. He requested that the league bar me from Baltimore's Memorial Stadium, the State of Maryland and the entire East Coast. American League President Lee MacPhail suggested I keep my mouth locked.

I knew MacPhail was right and did my



Weaver thought I was a non-baseball bat.



If the reporter had misunderstood my answer to his penetrating question, I'd have hired a skywriter to spell it out over the stadium.

best to avoid any more problems with Weaver. My best lasted until spring training the following year. I was in Arizona and a reporter asked me a trick question: Which teams did I think would win the division races in the American League.

"It doesn't matter to me," I said. "Lee MacPhail signs my paychecks no matter who wins." When pressed further, I said I thought Oakland would win the West and I didn't care who won the East, "as long as it isn't Baltimore."

When I said it I didn't think it was a terrible thing to say. That was the way I felt as a fan, but I knew that my feelings would never affect and had never affected my judgment on the field. Anytime I missed a play it was simply because I missed it, not because I was partial to one team or one player.

In retrospect, it was a stupid thing to say. The league fined me \$400 and ordered me to apologize publicly to Weaver and the Orioles. I agreed to apologize, but I didn't agree to pay the fine.

Three months later my crew had Baltimore for the first time that season. I was prepared to be on my best behavior, but I could afford to—Bill Haller was angry. Weaver had questioned his honesty by saying he shouldn't be allowed to work Detroit Tiger games because his brother was catching for the Tigers—and the league actually removed Bill from our crew every time we had Detroit.

For the first game of this Oriole series I was at second and Haller was at third. I had a close play at second that went against Baltimore, and even before I took my thumb down I knew Weaver would want to discuss it. Sure enough, I looked up and saw him coming toward me. Even before he reached me he had grabbed his hat and thrown it on the ground, and I knew he was going to go. But as I flexed my thumb I spotted Haller racing toward me from third. "I

got him!" he was screaming gleefully. "Lemme, lemme." I stepped aside and let Haller tell Weaver how much he had appreciated his remarks about the Tiger games.

While Haller was giving him explicit directions to the clubhouse, I looked wistfully at Weaver's cap lying on the ground and nostalgically remembered the night in 1973 that 6'1" umpire Don Denkinger had eased over to Weaver's cap while I was arguing with him and first stepped on it with the very sharp golf cleats on his right shoe, and then the very sharp golf cleats on his left shoe, and then started twisting back and forth, back and forth.

Subsequently, upon arriving in Anaheim for a series with Baltimore, I had announced a press conference at which I would make a formal apology for my ill-considered remarks in spring training. Before the game a group of writers, Weaver and Dick Butler, the American League supervisor of umpires, squeezed into the umpires' dressing room.

My press conference began well. "To start with, I've got a big mouth and I said a lot of dumb things. Everyone makes mistakes, and I guess I'm at the top of the ladder when it comes to saying dumb things.

"It was just a dumb, stupid statement that should never have been printed. . . . Earl and his players are professionals—they know I'm not going to do anything intentionally to hurt them. I like Baltimore, and I like the Orioles team. They are a good defensive team, and that always makes it easier on an umpire."

Suddenly I heard a familiar voice from the back of the small crowd. "But you did say it," Weaver said.

"Well, sure, yesh, I did say it," I admitted, "but hey, Earl, you've said a lot of things you're sorry for, too."

"No," he said, "I'm not sorry about anything I ever said about you or to you. I've meant every word of it."

"Well, then," I replied, just getting warmed up, "I haven't been too far wrong when I said those things about you, you know."

Dick Butler tried, in vain, to interrupt.

"Thanks, Ron. . . ."

"So you meant it, huh? I knew it."

"No," I told Weaver, "I didn't mean what I said about Baltimore."

"But you meant it about me!"

By this time we were shouting at each other. "Well, you're the only guy I have trouble with all the time, and you have trouble with every umpire in the league, so don't you think you're the problem?"

"I yell at you because you're biased."

"Oh, yeah? Well, you're more biased than anyone!"

My attempt to apologize turned out to be a disaster. The American League had no choice but to take me off Baltimore games. I objected, but there really wasn't anything I could do about it.

I didn't work an Oriole game for an entire year. I didn't miss Weaver, but I did miss his team. The Orioles were always such a pleasure to watch—and they played quick games. To my surprise, when I received my monthly schedule for August 1979, I had been assigned to a

continued



No stick-in-the-mud, I called the game off.

Baltimore-White Sox series in Chicago. Haller was taking his vacation during this period, and I assumed the league had gotten confused and thought I was going to be on vacation. I didn't say a word. I was looking forward to seeing my pal Earl again.

We arrived in Chicago on a Friday morning. There had been a rock concert in Comiskey Park the previous weekend and the field had been badly torn up. New sod had been put down, but it had rained hard during the week. When I walked across the field I sank in over my shoes. I decided that if I couldn't walk on water, certainly nobody playing major league baseball could. I declared the field unplayable and called the game.

White Sox Manager Tony LaRussa objected, but I told him I wasn't going to be responsible for players getting hurt on a muddy field. Weaver agreed with me, so our first encounter in a year went smoothly.

The sun was shining on Saturday, but the field was still in terrible shape. I didn't think we should play the game, but I wasn't sure. Players on both teams signed a petition claiming the field wasn't playable, so I called that game off, too. This was the only case I've known of a game being called because of rain on a gorgeous August afternoon.

We played a doubleheader on Sunday. The field wasn't good, but life rafts were no longer necessary, either. I had the plate, and Weaver started on me in the very first inning. "Looked like a strike from here." "Bend over and look at it." It took him three pitches to make me feel right at home. In the third inning I called a strike on Doug DeCinces and Weaver really let me have it. "Where was it, looked high from here bend down bend down. . . ." Maybe he was right, maybe it wasn't a strike. I had only called about 150,000 pitches from behind the plate and he had called many more than that from the dugout, but it looked like a good pitch to me. I probably wouldn't have thrown out any other manager in baseball for complaining, but this wasn't any other manager. This was Weaver. I turned and looked directly at him. I carefully loaded my finger. I pointed it right at him and shot him out of the game. Then I calmly blew the smoke away.

He sprinted out of the dugout to confront me. "Are you throwing me out of the game?"

I'd been waiting a long time for this

moment. I smiled broadly. "Earl," I said, "I haven't seen you in a year. Of course I'm throwing you out of the game."

He proceeded to criticize my work and concluded by protesting the game.

"Earl? What? What are you going to protest? You lasted until the third inning. You should be flattered."

It was then that Weaver invented the strangest protest I'd ever heard. "I'm protesting the game on account of the umpire's integrity."

"What?"

"Umpire's integrity. And I want it announced over the loudspeaker."

"Earl," I said sympathetically, "you know you don't want me to do that."



I wasn't to speak, not even to yell FIRE.

"I'm not leaving the field until it's announced over the loudspeaker," he insisted. This was a man who had faked a heart attack on the field. This was a man who had stolen second base and refused to give it back. I knew he wasn't bluffing: He wasn't going to leave the field until that announcement was made.

I was thrilled. I knew I had him. There was no way he wasn't going to get suspended for publicly attacking an umpire's integrity. "O.K., buddy," I told him, "you got it." I called the public-address announcer and told him exactly what Weaver wanted.

"You don't want me to announce that," he said.

"Oh yes I do," I chimed happily. "Oh yes I do."

He still didn't believe I was serious. He announced that the Orioles were

playing the game under protest, but he didn't give the reason.

That brought Weaver back onto the field. "What're you doing here?" I asked him. "You're not here anymore. You're gone."

"That's not what I said I wanted," he reminded me.

I tried to be sensible. "Earl, leave it at this. It isn't going to hurt me, but it is going to hurt you."

Announce it, he insisted.

I had it announced, and play resumed.

Assistant Supervisor of Umpires Johnny Stevens was waiting for me in the umpires' dressing room at the conclusion of the first game. Fuming. He had been in contact with Lee MacPhail, he told me.

"How is Lee?" I asked.

I was told that I wasn't to discuss the incident with any reporters. And I wasn't to talk to Weaver during the second game of the doubleheader under any circumstances. I wasn't to smile at him. I wasn't to tell him that I couldn't hear him to draw him out of the dugout, and then when he came out give him the boot. I wasn't to allow him to back me into a corner. If the ball caught on fire, I wasn't even to warn him. I began to realize this was getting serious.

At the beginning of the second game we met at home plate during the exchange of lineups. He looked at me and asked, "What's going on?"

I opened my mouth to tell him that it had taken me an entire year, but I'd finally gotten him for his performance at the press conference. But before I could utter a single syllable, Umpire Russell Goetz stepped between us. "Ron says everything is fine, Earl. Now, listen, both of you, it's a new game and we're not going to talk about the first game. It's over. That's it."

I worked third base that game and only had two calls. One was a line drive hit by an Oriole that landed just foul, and I called it foul at least 15 times. The other was a sliding tag play in which a White Sox player was out. That might have been the toughest out I ever called in baseball.

Weaver was later suspended for three games.

Although I didn't realize it at the time, that was the last time Weaver and I would meet between the foul lines. The following year I was up in the broadcast booth.

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FREE SAFETY GOGGLES

by Jack McCallum

Everything is going according to form at the University of Tulsa's shoot-around before practice officially starts. Senior Guard Phil Spradling is playing one-on-one with his wife, Shari. Liz Hooper, a teammate of Shari's on Tulsa's women's team, is playing H-O-R-S-E against freshman Forward Vince Williams. From time to time Liz looks at the opposite foul line, where Paul Pressey, her boyfriend and the star of Tulsa's men's team, is shooting free throws. Pressey has been in a foul-shooting slump lately, which is why he's chatting with a sociology professor named Peter Adler. Dr. Adler has become something of a team guru with his theories on momentum and positive thinking.



From Western Texas with love: Phil and Shari Spradling; Paul and Mrs. Pressey to be.

This court transplant took

Four juco players out of Texas plus their coach have given Tulsa new heart

If it all sounds rather like *Love Boat Goes to the Gym*, don't think this team isn't serious. A few minutes later Pressey, Williams and Spradling are in the middle of a full-court passing drill, using an 18-pound medicine ball and a 15-pound "water ball," which is a regulation basketball pumped full of water. "I kind of like these old-fashioned drills," says Coach Nolan Richardson.

He likes the results, too. After last Saturday's 77-64 defeat of Indiana State at the Tulsa Assembly Center, Tulsa was 19-4 overall, 11-3 in the Missouri Valley Conference and ranked sixth in the SI Top 20. The Hurricane seems to be a cinch for an NCAA bid, even if it doesn't earn the automatic bid that goes to the winner of the MVC tournament.

But Tulsa isn't taking anything for granted. The Hurricane lost to Drake 56-55 last week on one of the most unusual shots in history. Tulsa was trailing 54-53 with 11 seconds remaining when Hurricane Center Bruce Vanley rebounded a missed Drake free throw. A

Bulldog player then pulled the ball out of his hands with such vigor that it bounced off the floor and up into the basket for the winning points.

Nevertheless, Tulsa remains a legitimate Final Four contender, if only because key operatives know the sweet smell of tournament success. Two years ago four of the players were performing for Richardson at Western Texas College, a junior college in the small, oil-rich town of Snyder on the southern plains. Western Texas went 37-0 and won the national junior college championship. When Richardson was hired at Tulsa, which had a 43-83 record in nearly five seasons under Coach Jim Kang, he brought Pressey, Spradling, Forward David Brown and Center Greg Stewart with him. Presto! Instant franchise. Tulsa went 26-7 and won the NIT.

That was only one aspect of The Great Snyder-to-Tulsa Airlift. Hooper, the point guard for Western Texas' winning women's team, transferred to Tulsa to follow Pressey, whom she will marry this

summer. So did Bonnie Bloodworth, Brown's girl friend, as well as two other Western Texas players, Katie Fisher and Joyce Plagens. Shari Teal, who became Shari Spradling last June, followed the next year. "The other girls warned me, but I came anyway," says Shari, Western Texas' all-time leading rebounder and scorer. In contrast to the men, who found fame in the big time, the women found a program in disarray. The team had a part-time coach and a losing record—which it still has.

"It's been kind of tough," says Laz. "I take my basketball seriously, just like Paul. But all in all, considering what Paul's done, it's been worth it. I want him to accomplish as much as he can."

Because of Pressey's ability to cover a guard, a forward or a center, Richardson claims he's the finest defensive player in college basketball. He may be. He led the nation with 96 steals last season and had 67 through the Indiana State game. He's a fine passer, too, averaging 3.4 assists from the forward position, where he has played most of the season. His mid-range shooting isn't exceptional—he averaged 47.6% from the field and 57.9% from the line last season—but he has improved to 55.3% and 66.0% this year. He's scoring only 12.8 points per game, best on a team

that boasts six players averaging between 12.8 and 10.2, but, like Ralph Sampson, he's not a player you judge by numbers alone. He's a winning player. And despite being an in-between size for the NBA—6'5"—he's considered a likely first-round draft choice.

Against Indiana State Pressey showed every dimension of his game: 18 points on 8-of-11 shooting (three of his field goals off alley-oop feeds from senior Point Guard Mike Anderson), seven rebounds, four assists, two steals and only two turnovers. And, oh, did he play defense. With 10-40 to go in the game, Indiana State's strong 6'9" center, Ken Bannister, scored his 31st point. A few minutes later Richardson put Pressey on Bannister man-to-man. Bannister didn't score the rest of the way. During one sequence, Pressey blocked Bannister's turnaround jumper, nearly blocked his errant follow shot, and then grabbed the rebound.

Eight years ago in his hometown of Richmond, Pressey was a candidate for no one's draft list, just your basic directionless street kid. Pressey remembers his mother, Mary, taking him to a man's funeral and saying, "That's your father." He quit school at 15 and returned a year later. Which meant he was 19 as a senior and, under the rules, ineligible to play at Wythe High School. "I didn't get into a lot of trouble with drugs or anything like that, but I was just killing time, hanging around, being lazy," says Pressey. Lazy in everything but basketball, that is. Out on the playgrounds he realized he loved the game too much to give it up. Because he had no high school diploma, his only route to college was a General Educational Development test. He passed the GED and went to Western Texas to play for Richardson, then on to Tulsa.

"Some people back in Richmond can't believe this happened to me," says Pressey. "They say, 'Man, if you can make it, I know I can make it.' I'm just fortunate the Good Lord tapped me on my back and told me to do something. I don't know where I'd be now if He didn't."

And nobody knows where Tulsa would be without Pressey. Certainly his consistency at both ends of the court is the Hurricane's major asset. Pressey's natural quickness and his long arms have been invaluable on defense, particularly when he plays the point in Tulsa's 1-3-1 trap, but he's put in some hard work, too. He and his older brother, Bobby, erected

a basket in the backyard of their Richmond home that was actually the rim of a 27-inch bicycle wheel. "Anything would go in if you just got up there," says Pressey. "The idea was to keep the other guy from getting it up there. My brother used to kill me, but we never ever called a foul."

Pressey appears to be almost nonchalant on defense, but he's not. His arms and natural instincts do so much of the work that he doesn't have to scurry around frantically to be effective. At times Pressey waxes passionately on the subject of defense. "I honestly don't think anybody in the world hates for his guy to score on him as much as I do," he says.

If Tulsa beats the odds and goes all the way in the NAAs, Richardson and his gang of four (assuming Brown recovers from a knee injury) would have an unprecedented 1-2-3 sweep—national juco title, NIT title, NCAA title. That isn't considered a strong possibility except, perhaps, in Tulsa. And though the junior college refugees have been an overwhelming success in town, none has forgotten Snyder, Texas, where it all began.

Especially Spradling. "Could anybody find what I found in Snyder?" says Spradling. "I found a great coach. I found a great bunch of teammates. And I found a great wife."

THE WEEK (Feb. 15-21) by ROGER JACKSON

EAST After he watched Georgetown blitz his visiting Tigers 63-51 before a national television audience and in front of a 4,628 frenzied fans in the McDonough Arena, Missouri Coach Norm Stewart dubbed the Hoyas "a Bill Russell-type team. They try to beat you with their strength." The Hoyas' most notable strength, of course, is 7-foot freshman Center Pat Ewing, who did an acceptable imitation of Russell against the Tigers. Ewing scored 13 points, took down 13 rebounds and won his personal duel with Missouri Center Steve Sipanovich.

Sipanovich, saddled with three first-half fouls, played just 20 minutes and got four points and five rebounds before fouling out with 10:41 left. Ewing eliminated Missouri's inside game, and a sticky 2-3 zone and a full-court press provided Georgetown with a 49-31 lead with 11:35 left. Missouri managed

just 40.8% from the floor and made 17 turn-overs. "We're a good pressing team," said Thompson. "We expect our press to bother everybody."

One team it didn't faze was Boston College, which earlier upset the Hoyas 80-71, spoiling Ewing's homecoming to Newton, Mass. "We executed as well as we can execute," said BC Coach Tom Davis. "And John [Bagley] had his usual terrific game." Indeed, Bagley, who scored a game-high 25 points, personally marshaled the Hoya press. The victory dropped Georgetown a game behind Villanova in the Big East race. Playing before 27,066 fans in Syracuse, an NCAA record for an on-campus game, the Wildcats defeated the Orange 81-69.

Virginia needed an eight-foot jumper and a pair of free throws from Otell Wilson in the last 1:19 to beat Georgia Tech 56-52 in Atlanta, then escaped with a 45-40 home-court win over North Carolina State. For the second time in 10 days Ralph Sampson was given fits by the towering Wolfpack zone only to save the game in the last seconds. With Virginia clinging to a 41-40 lead, Sampson sank a pair of free throws with 24 seconds left and blocked a Detrick Watenberg shot nine seconds later. Sampson had attempted only five field goals and made only two. Jeff Jones iced it for the Cavs with a pair of foul shots with eight seconds to go.

Second-place North Carolina dashed home-standing Clemson's hopes for an upset at the free-throw line, making 23 of 34 foul shots—15 of them in the last 3:08—in its 55-49 victory. Said Tiger Coach Bill Foster, whose team hit just 3 of 5 from the line: "I didn't realize we were so damn rough. They're the ones using the pressure defense and we're the ones who get the fouls." Earlier, Carolina avenged its Jan. 21 loss to Wake Forest by beating the Deacons 69-51 in Greensboro. James Worthy and Sam Perkins combined for 40 points and 23 rebounds and held the Deacons' 6'11" Jim Johnstone to four points, on 2-of-7 shooting from the floor. Wake Forest rebounded to defeat Maryland 48-42.

West Virginia tied a school record for regular-season victories (23) in defeating Seton Hall 68-60 and Eastern Eight opponent George Washington 52-37 in Morgantown.

MIDEAST Both Iowa, the Big Ten leader, and Minnesota, its closest pursuer, were upset victims. The Hawkeyes took a tumble when lowly Michigan shocked them in Ann Arbor, 68-58. "I said before the season we're going to get somebody in here, and I meant it," said Michigan Coach Bill Frieder, whose prize freshman guard, Eric Turner, burned the Hawks for 28 points. Earlier, Iowa got clutch performances from guards Bobby Hatcher, who came off the bench to score 23 points, and Kenny Arnold, who hit 13 of 15 foul shots.

SI TOP 20

1. VIRGINIA (26-1)	1 *
2. DePAUL (24-1)	2
3. N. CAROLINA (22-2)	3
4. OREGON STATE (20-3)	7
5. MISSOURI (23-2)	4
6. TULSA (19-4)	5
7. IOWA (19-4)	6
8. KENTUCKY (19-5)	9
9. MINNESOTA (18-5)	8
10. IDAHO (23-2)	10
11. MEMPHIS STATE (18-3)	11
12. FRESNO STATE (22-2)	12
13. WEST VIRGINIA (23-1)	13
14. GEORGETOWN (21-6)	14
15. USF (23-4)	15
16. UCLA (18-5)	17
17. ARKANSAS (19-5)	18
18. WAKE FOREST (18-5)	16
19. ALABAMA (19-5)	20
20. TENNESSEE (18-6)	—

* Last week

COLLEGE BASKETBALL continued

shots, to beat Michigan State 59-53 in Iowa City. Hansen, who scored 17 of his points in the second half, was 11 for 11 from the line.

After Minnesota whipped Northwestern 76-66 in Evanston, the Gophers were upset by Illinois for the second time this season, 77-65, in Champaign, thanks to a blistering 32-point performance from sophomore Guard Craig Tucker. Tucker, 11 of 14 from the floor and 10 for 10 in foul shots, was so hot that not even his 6' 4" cousin Trent, Minnesota's best defensive guard, could contain him. "We beat them twice," said Craig, "so he can't go home and say much."

In his final home game, Skip Dillard scored a game-high 19 points, which gave him 1,000 for his career, and led DePaul to an 83-61 victory over Ohio U. Terry Cummings added 18 in that game and got 22 more, along with 22 rebounds, in a 74-70 defeat of Detroit.

Tennessee stayed atop the Southeastern Conference standings, but barely. After beating Mississippi State 50-48 in Knoxville, the Vols ripped Louisiana State in Baton Rouge, 54-53 on a tip-in by Dan Federmann at the buzzer. Or did they? Not according to LSU officials, who claim Federmann's basket should be disallowed because the official clock had malfunctioned. The school asked SEC officials to replay the game's final eight seconds at the conference tournament next month in Lexington, Ky.

Kentucky remained in second place in the SEC, beating Florida 84-78 behind Derrick Hord's 17 points and Melvin Turpin's 16, and edging Vanderbilt 73-69, to give Coach Joe

B. Hall his 300th coaching victory. Alabama snapped a three-game losing streak, beating Georgia 99-85 in Athens and hapless Florida 70-69 in Gainesville.

MIDWEST

Back home in Columbia, Missouri exhibited a potent offense and timely defense and got unexpected assistance from Oklahoma State to win its third consecutive Big Eight title and fourth in six years. On Tuesday the Tigers walloped Iowa State 100-71, establishing a school record for shooting percentage in a single game (73.2) and making seven steals, which brought their total to a school-record 167. Five Tigers scored in double figures, led by Jon Sundvold's 19 points. Two nights later in a 60-55 win over Oklahoma, Sundvold was again the main man, throwing in a game-high 21 points, including 15 of the Tigers' 29 in the second half. "My role is just to make sure we win," said Sundvold, who made doubly sure when he hit a pair of foul shots with 13 seconds left.

Missouri's victory over Iowa State gave the Tigers a tie for the Big Eight crown and Oklahoma State's 72-62 defeat of Kansas State in Manhattan made the coronation official. The Cowboys did in the Wildcats by shooting 60.5% from the floor, outrebounding them 31-17 and making 26 of 32 free throws. The Wildcats rallied to beat Kansas in Lawrence, 63-53, with Tim Jankovich scoring 19 points.

Tulsa's loss to Drake left Bradley alone atop the Missouri Valley Conference. The Braves got 19 points from Guard Barney Mines in a 74-61 victory over West Texas State and then beat New Mexico State 81-75 in overtime.

Center Scott Hastings was perfect—5 for 5 from the floor, 14 for 14 from the line for 24 points—in leading Arkansas to a 72-65 overtime victory over Rice. The Razorbacks made 30 of 32 free throws (12 for 12 in overtime) and needed every one of them to offset a 34-point performance by the Owls' Ricky Pierce, who has scored at a 32-point clip in his last four games. The Hogs got a respite after a string of heart stoppers when they trounced Texas A&M 92-75 in Fayetteville and knocked the Aggies out of a first-place tie in the Southwest Conference. Hastings scored 27 points, his season high, got 11 rebounds and held A&M's 6' 11" Rudy Woods to nine points.

After Memphis State beat Penn State 52-46 in Memphis, Tiger Coach Dana Kirk said, "It was so physical; I know Penn State plays football." The Tigers converted 18 of 30 foul shots; the Lions, a mere six of eight. Center Derrick Phillips led the Tigers with 20 points, including six of eight free throws in the final five minutes.

WEST

Washington had ample opportunity to steal a victory from Pac-10 leader Oregon State and, with it, first

place in the conference. Though the Beavers led 31-28 at the half, they failed to score on their first six second-half possessions. The Huskies, however, were similarly upset at taking control of the game, coming up empty in six of their first seven second-half trips down the floor. But with 12:45 left the Beavers got busy, scoring seven consecutive points in 3:29 and ultimately coasting to a 55-44 victory. "Against good teams you don't get many good opportunities," said Husky Coach Merv Harshman. "If you don't convert on the ones you do get, you're not going to win." The Beavers then traveled to Pullman, where they squeaked past Washington State 40-36.

The last time California beat UCLA in Los Angeles, John F. Kennedy was campaigning for President and John Wooden had yet to become a Wizard. The Bears came close last week. Spurred by Mark McNamara's 36 points and 13 rebounds, Cal forced an overtime, only to fall 70-65. Guard Michael Holton ensured victory for the Bruins, getting five points in OT, including a pair of foul shots that gave UCLA a 67-65 lead with 39 seconds left. The next night Stanford made a run at the Bruins, trailing only 29-25 at intermission. But UCLA held the Cardinals scoreless for 5:02 in the second half en route to its 12th straight victory, 70-53.

People throughout Idaho are wearing T-shirts that read **BORN MORMON FAN CLUB**, adorned with a drawing of the Idaho coach clutching his head in worry. After the Vandals defeated Montana 71-58 and Montana State 77-63 in Moscow, it's the rest of the Big Sky that should be worried. With the best regular-season record in the league for the second straight year, Idaho once again earned the right to host the conference tournament (March 5-6) in the Kibbie Dome, where it has won 33 in a row.

Fresno State Coach Boyd Grant can explain why the Bulldogs have been on a scoring binge. "People are running at us, so we have to run back at them," he said after the Bulldogs ran past UC Santa Barbara 65-59 and Cal State Fullerton 71-51 and clinched at least a tie for the PCAA title.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JOHN BAGLEY: Boston College's 6-foot junior guard scored 61 points—hitting 19 of 34 from the floor—and had 11 assists in the Eagles' 80-71 upset of Georgetown and a 90-81 victory over St. John's.

Visiting San Francisco got 31 points from Guard Quentin Dailey in beating Portland 84-72. Then Dailey and 7-foot Center Wallace Bryant combined for 41 points in a 69-58 defeat of Gonzaga in Spokane. Nevertheless, the Dons remain two games behind WCAC leader Pepperdine, which defeated San Diego 63-61 and St. Mary's 79-66. **END**



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Licorice is out, snails in

by Herm Weiskopf

Ernie Schlegel was a hustler whose garb, palate—and life—have changed

For years, Ernie Schlegel's life was a series of one-way streets down which he defiantly drove in the wrong direction. Not getting caught was half the fun; the other half was wusseling free when cornered. Schlegel also had a flip lip, scraggly blond hair and, some say, a look in his eye that bespoke inner turmoil.

Lately, however, Schlegel's bellow has mellowed—perhaps because his career as a pro bowler has blossomed. Proof of his reform was his election in 1980 to the Professional Bowlers Association's prestigious tournament committee.

Still, not all has changed. Schlegel, 38, still has the fidgets; some part of his body is in motion at all times, especially his mouth. It isn't without cause that his wife, Cathy, frequently says, "Ernie, you talk too much."

Schlegel, who grew up in Manhattan, came to bowling via the back door, joining the Bronx Vocational High School bowling team only because the school insisted he take part in some extracurricular activity. He had difficulty adhering to other school regulations. "We were supposed to wear ties," Schlegel says. "I hate ties. So I'd buy shoestring licorice, knot it together and wear it around my neck. Then I'd eat my necktie in class."

Although he still dislikes neckties, Schlegel became obsessed by bowling. After graduation in 1960, he worked as a stock boy at the Benrus Watch Company in midtown Manhattan, with take-home pay of \$42.50 a week. At night he would hustle at lanes around town for up to \$500 a game.

"I'd bowl all weekend and get home just in time Monday to go to work," Schlegel says. "After about six weeks at Benrus, I was so tired I literally fell asleep on my feet one day. The boss tapped me on the shoulder, and before he could say anything I said, 'Forget it. I quit.' My mother worked there too and I told her, 'I'll explain when I get home.' I just showed her the dresser drawer

where I kept my winnings. It was filled with stacks and stacks of money, thousands of dollars. I didn't trust banks. My parents let me quit the job as a stock boy."

It was probably just as well. Schlegel really didn't fit the stock-room image. He was fond of dressing in black stovepipe pants, a white silk shirt, an adolescent raincoat and high Roman heels. He also sported a Mohican haircut and carried an umbrella with its tip filed to a point. New York street life can be turbulent, and Schlegel thought, "With these freaky clothes, who'd bother you?" Well, one person did. A guy who, Schlegel says, owed him \$150 shoved him through a plate-glass window. Schlegel got up and retaliated. He was indicted for attempted murder but was acquitted.

With that out of the way, Schlegel went on a two-and-a-half-year streak in which "I didn't lose on the lanes." According to his calculations, his best night was at Skytop Lanes in suburban Hartsdale, N.Y., when he won \$7,800. Craft and cunning were a large part of his game. "Before I bowled, I had one drink and threw a shot of bourbon on my head or down my neck," Schlegel says. "That way, when I got to the bowling center, I smelled real good. Then I'd bowl guys who were sure I was drunk. I crushed 'em. After a while, though, everybody knew me, and my hustling ended."

Schlegel was deemed "unsavory" in some quarters, particularly at Paramus (N.J.) Bowling, from which he was barred for almost a year by owner Frank Esposito. His best shot, Schlegel realized in 1964, was to join the PBA and go legit. But to do so, he needed the approval of the regional director, then one Frank Esposito. It wasn't until 1968 that Schlegel finally was allowed to join the PBA tour, at age 25. "I approved him then because he had straightened himself out," Esposito says.

As a hustler, Schlegel had worn a

T shirt that said WORLD'S GREATEST BOWLER. On the PBA tour, those words really would have been inapt. No longer was he rolling on lanes he had practically memorized; now it was a different pair for each game.

From 1968 to 1975, Schlegel's life, on and off the lanes, was filled with 7-10 splits. During those years he averaged only \$11,830 in tour earnings, his first marriage, which had lasted five years, ended in 1973, and most of his five major auto accidents came during this unhappy period. Also in 1973, while bowling in Los Angeles, Schlegel let a friend borrow his car. The police stopped the friend for a minor traffic violation and later ran the serial number through a computer. Back came the news: stolen car.

The Bicentennial Kid is showing his stuff.



"The police came to the lanes, said my car was stolen, slapped me in handcuffs and took me to jail," Schlegel says. He was freed only when the police learned that his car, a rebuilt junker, had mistakenly been left on the "hot list" by the insurance company.

Other woes weren't so easily dispatched. A pulled hamstring ruined '74 for Schlegel, and in '75 his game fell apart. The end of Schlegel's PBA career seemed imminent. Then in August of 1976 he met Cathy DePace in Detroit and his luck changed. Four months later they were married.

By then, Schlegel had been on the tour for eight years and had pretty well toned down his image as bowling's flashiest dresser and most flamboyant performer—but he was still one of its more notable losers. He had played in 202 tournaments and failed to win a single one.

But with Cathy on the tour to inspire him, Schlegel won \$43,362 in 1976—almost as much as in the previous three years combined. That year also marked the birth of a notion: Ernie dubbed himself the Bicentennial Kid. During the five-man PBA TV finals in Baltimore, he wore a Bicentennial outfit Cathy had made—white shirt with long, billowing sleeves and red-and-blue sparkles, and white pants decorated with silver stars. Says Schlegel, "It was somethin'."

The patriotic costume notwithstanding, Schlegel lost the tournament, adding to his reputation as "the greatest non-champion in PBA history." The word on the tour was that he choked on big matches, forgot himself and looked for excuses for losing.

Late in 1976, John Mazzio, an avid bowler and a self-styled psychologist who had met Schlegel a few months earlier, offered a hand. "I told Ernie I had studied a lot of psychology," Mazzio says. "His temper was phenomenally bad. I said to Ernie, 'Let me help you.'"

Mazzio has worked intermittently with Schlegel ever since, as his "mental-game adviser." In 1977, Schlegel earned \$28,426, though he still didn't win a tournament. "John told me to work on my weakest point, which I felt was my smoking, and to make it a strength John said if I could do that, I could do anything. At 3 a.m. on March 21, 1978, I had my last cigarette."

Later that same day Schlegel called Don Heimburger of Vancouver, Wash., a

manufacturer of bowling grips (plastic inserts for the finger holes in a ball). The grips keep the fingers from getting sore and give a bowler more lift on his shots. Schlegel used the grips in '78, and when his game showed immediate improvement, he says, "I thought I was on to something big because they weren't being promoted right. So I called Don and said, 'I'll sell a million.' He laughed."

Cathy, Mazzio, the Heimburger grips—they all helped. Schlegel won \$36,583 in 1978 and \$29,935 in 1979. But still no wins on the PBA tour. Then came 1980. After leading throughout four days of qualifying at a January tournament in Anaheim, Schlegel needed only one win on TV to notch his first title. He lost to Gary Dickinson 217-198.

Exasperated by such near-misses and plagued by minor injuries, Schlegel later planned to skip a PBA tournament in Overland Park, Kans. Ernie said, "No." Cathy said, "Go." They went. It was at that event, on April 11, 1980, his 37th birthday, that Schlegel rolled three strikes in the 10th frame of his last qualifying game to earn the No. 1 berth in the finals.

Schlegel's opponent in the showdown match was Nelson Burton Jr., a 15-time champ and a member of the PBA Hall of Fame. Ernie was merely the most distinguished non-winner ever, having pocketed \$235,000 while failing to win in more than 300 PBA events.

In that game against Burton, Schlegel made "a drastic switch" by firing his shots extra close to the gutter. The strategy worked. Schlegel won 246-214, his first PBA victory.

"It was nice," he says, "but the best feeling of all was I could start out '79 without needing a sponsor. For the first time ever, I was on my own."

Schlegel won again in June of 1980, his last-shot strike beating George Pappas 181-179 in the City of Roses Open at Portland, Ore. Last year he finished 25th on the tour, with winnings of \$41,250,

despite missing almost all of the fall circuit.

His progress off the lanes has been equally noteworthy. "Mazzio helped me go more than a year without losing my temper," says Schlegel. "But Catherine's the whip. When I'm bowling, she's boss. She's made me make my dreams come true. She also got me to eat snails. I love 'em."



Ernie said no, but wife Cathy said go, and so they went.

During his first 10 years in the PBA, Schlegel listed some 15 places as home at one point he was simply "Ernie Schlegel, U.S.A." Now, though, he is officially at home in Vancouver, Wash., having bought Heimburger's former house. True to his word, Schlegel has sold a million of Heimburger's grips, and then some.

What next? Well, Schlegel, who hasn't been allowed to don some of his more far-out threads for TV finals, would like to win a tournament someday while wearing his snazziest outfit. It's a white tuxedo, with blue vest and a shirt with red ruffles and glittering red trim. Fret not, Ernie. It has been decided by none other than your old nemesis, Frank Esposito, now the coordinator of ABC's bowling telecasts, that, "He can wear it as long as he keeps it formal and doesn't roll up the sleeves."

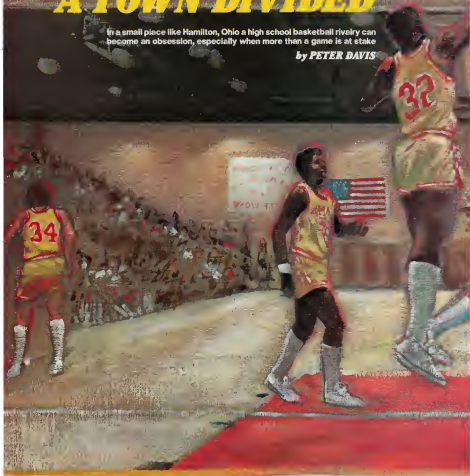
But hold the licorice neckties, Ernie. Please.

END

A TOWN DIVIDED

In a small place like Hamilton, Ohio a high school basketball rivalry can become an obsession, especially when more than a game is at stake

by **PETER DAVIS**



AGAINST ITSELF



CONTINUED

A TOWN DIVIDED

continued

Sometimes sport really is a microcosm of life. When the author visited Hamilton, Ohio (pop. 63,189) about five years ago in search of a typical small American city, he discovered a community divided by class conflicts and racial prejudice. It was also beset by a declining economy and rather bleak prospects. All of which made Hamilton indeed typical.

Set against the social fabric of the town, a game, such as the Dec. 17, 1976 basketball game between the town's two high schools, which is described below, takes on greater meaning than that of the final score.



McCollum exhorted Taft's players with an unending stream of proverbs and poetry.

In repose, before their team has made its appearance, the Taft High cheerleaders could almost be mannequins. Care has made no crease on any of their six upturned faces. Their wholesomeness is marred only by the scent of honey-licorice cough drops wafting from two of them who have colds. The girls are not, however, innocent of anxiety. One chews on her lip, another toys with an ear-level pimple she can only wish she had disposed of earlier. Perhaps they are not naïve about the world but simply immune to it. At 16 and 17, they have

known pressures equivalent to those to which board chairmen are subjected at angry stockholders' meetings. Selected after scrutiny far more rigorous than the members of the basketball team had undergone, the Taft cheerleaders have seen their every flaw magnified in videotapes of tryouts that were shown to a panel of judges with Olympian authority. Yet now they are placid.

Though no player has yet burst from the locker room, the gymnasium, redolent of sweat and wintergreen, is abuzz with the din of 2,200 voices, not yet in full yell, but warming up like a symphony orchestra. The game is being played at Garfield on Hamilton's older, shabbier East Side, but the Taft fans have one side of the gym to themselves. The two stands emphasize the differences between the schools, the divisions in Hamilton. The Taft side is tweed and cashmere, Garfield tends toward chinos and leather jackets, dungarees and workshirts.

The Garfield side is divided between Appalachian whites, come north to man factories after their farms gave out, and blacks, who hope their children will break out of Hamilton to find money and equality in nearby Cincinnati, or Chicago, Los Angeles or Atlanta. A local character, whom I shall call Flatiron, a former steelworker whose nose was mashed in a foundry accident, describes the Garfield atmosphere. "On the big hill right above the school is the old home where the county has stashed its down-and-outers ever since the 1840s, and that's pretty much the Garfield story." With little to do but collect his pension and disability payments, Flatiron spends his time examining the social forces of the town. "What you get these days at Garfield," he says, "is penitence teenagers whose parents both work, yet never see more than \$11,000 between them in a single year. They send their young to a school at the foot of Poorhouse Hill in a neighborhood appropriate to that designation. The southern whites and the blacks have weak affection for each other. Sometimes right in the hallway they fight like bearcats, but for this game they hate Taft more. In 10 years, if they don't leave town, they'll be competing for the same jobs, working for the folks on the other side of the gym. Garfield teachers with kids send them to Taft, never the other way 'round. Now and then Gar-

field gets its mad up and gives Taft a run for its big bucks. Not this year."

For the students of Taft and Garfield, this game is a way of telling time, of establishing a relationship with Hamilton's past. Banners from old championship seasons drape the gym. The game between Taft and Garfield redeems a dreary record, settles ancient grudges. To the players and their classmates, the game is the season.

Not that the Taft-Garfield game assumes a larger importance only among Hamilton's adolescents. The community at large is aroused by the game, which inspires bets, office pools and barroom arguments. Because Hamilton doesn't have professional or college sports, it's making no great claim to say that a ticket to the Taft-Garfield basketball game is the hottest one in town, but extremes are reached that would scarcely be imaginable to those unfamiliar with the role of sports in America. Fistfights over seats have broken out among Garfield fans, and Taft parents have used basketball season tickets as courtroom pawns in their divorce settlements.

Having forgotten their own adolescence, some of the parents ascribe to teenagers unlimited vigor and sexuality. Among the high school students, therefore, are athletes and beauty queens who become temporary stars in the firmament of local life. The players are infinitely skilled, the cheerleaders infinitely sexy, available for safe fantasies because of the under-age taboo and because, like movie stars, they are unattainable anyway. Work controls the practical side of Hamilton, but this game unleashes its psychic life, its dreams of heroism, beauty, potency, triumph.

Taft's practice sessions the week before the game had all the fervor of war councils. Coach Marvin McCollum paced the court, squinting intently at his varsity. It was a squint with a twinkle. McCollum's war council was also a play, and the play wasn't a melodrama, but a kind of ethical romance with moments of self-mockery. The romance was in the

love of victory, the ethics in the means by which victory was pursued.

McCollum was as calm as he was concentrated. When mistakes were made he gestured a player to the sideline for quiet advice. He watched his charges making layups, trying hook shots, turn-around fadeaways, and then scrimmaging against the second team. McCollum is a moralist fond of trite sayings and mangled parables from sources as disparate as Lao-Tse and Tennyson. While practicing for Garfield, these flowed in a happy mixture of earnestness and whimsy. McCollum believed all of them, but he knew they were, after all, slogans and not the Sermon on the Mount. He seemed to use them for inspiration and as tension-breakers.

Having beckoned Mike Grubbs, a senior guard, to his side after Grubbs missed a bounce pass that should have led to an easy basket, McCollum gave a brief lecture on concentration. Then he interrupted himself with: *If you can't be a highway, be a trail, / If you can't be a sun, be a star, / If you can't be the best, be the best man you are.*

McCollum explained that he loved basketball, but he loved teaching even more. "If you do it right, coaching is teaching," he said. "If you don't, it's a crime against youth."

When one of McCollum's two top players, senior Andy Kolesar, a tall, muscular guard, lunged in the wrong direction for a pass that ended up behind him, McCollum intoned: *You can pitch a no-hit ballgame, / Pass and run with easy grace, / But it's just another loss if a resolute's out of place.*

McCollum himself had played baseball and basketball as a high school student in Fairfield, three miles from Hamilton. He came out of World War II with a knee wound that gave him a permanent limp. Though he also had diabetes, he did well enough as a semi-pro pitcher



McCollum used a brotherly demeanor in coaching Garfield

that the Dodgers offered him a contract with a Class B farm team. "Which wasn't that hard to turn down," he said, "because all I had was control, and I knew it even if they didn't." McCollum became Taft's basketball coach in 1960, the year after the school opened. He's as different from the screaming drill sergeant coaches as Casey Stengel was from Vince Lombardi. But when his other top player, a rangy forward named Scott Grevey, loafed after a loose ball, McCollum enfolded him in an anthology of bromides. *Good, better, best, / Never let it rest, / Until your good is better, and your better best.*

"I wondered which one I'd get. Sorry, Coach," said Grevey, both of whose older brothers had been coached by McCollum. The eldest, Kevin, now starts for the Washington Bullets. Scott had been around McCollum's parables most of his life. "We'll get them for you on Friday night, Coach. I promise," he said.

continued

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A TOWN DIVIDED

continued

Located on the West Side, in Hamilton's newer residential area, Taft had a student body composed of the children of the town's first families and its upper middle class as well as some of its poor just up from Appalachia.

"You know, people have given us the stigma that we prepare for college," said Taft Principal Hank Miller. "This isn't entirely so." Taft would send 33% of that year's graduates to four-year colleges, as opposed to Garfield's 17%. With a principal who considered it a "stigma" to have a reputation for being a college preparatory school, it seemed entirely possible that Taft's 33% could be whittled away without too much difficulty.

Across town at Garfield's last practice before the Taft game, Coach Don Gillespie's problem was completely different from McCollum's at Taft. Where McCollum had to make sure his team (2-1) would be sufficiently inspired against the

cross-town rivals they were supposed to beat easily, Gillespie had to find out if he could field a team at all. His top player, a graceful guard named Robbie Hodge, had been in a Volkswagen accident the week before that had left him with a whiplash. Two of his starters had been lost because of suspensions; one had been a truant, the other told a teacher to kiss his ass. Gillespie, 35, was Hamilton's first black head coach and had played football for McCollum in high school. He was very fond of his odd coach, but he didn't think the genial way McCollum handled players would work at Garfield. "The homes my fellows come from," Gillespie said, "they simply don't hear anything softer than a holler."

On the court, Hodge moved with ease and confidence among his taller teammates, showing no effects of the accident. At 5' 9", he was the shortest member of the squad, but he could outjump

everyone else, including a 6' 3" forward. Most of the players were black, but Hodge, a white senior, managed to be the star and everyone's friend at the same time. Gillespie would shake his head and say, "Taft averages three inches taller among the starters. All we've got are quick hands and fast legs. If we can't hang on to the ball we're dead." When Hodge or his most talented teammate, a 5' 11" black forward named Calvin Chapman, tired of the rest of the squad's mistakes and began to play tricks with the ball, Gillespie shouted, "Hodge and Chapman, I warned you, no more razzle-dazzle! Drop for 10!"

He would yell to keep order, but behind his loud voice Gillespie wasn't stern. Where McCollum was fatherly, Gillespie was brotherly. He also worked as a probation officer and was co-owner of a carpet business. And besides coaching boys' basketball and girls' track, Gillespie taught vocational training and was chairman of the Occupational Work Experience Department at Garfield. With all his duties and outside jobs, Gillespie had still found time to move his family out of Hamilton to Forest Park, a Cincinnati suburb. Even though his ties to Hamilton were so strong that he and his family attended church there each Sunday, he moved because he wanted his children to go to an integrated school. In fact Garfield was integrated, with 37% black students, but Hamilton's feeder schools—both elementary and junior high—were predominantly white or black. If he stayed in Hamilton, Gillespie's children could attend all-black schools for the first nine years of their education or else be the token blacks in the upper-middle-class schools on the West Side.

In 1970 Gillespie's brother, a decorated combat pilot in Vietnam, returned on leave to Hamilton to look for a place to live. Captain Lawrence Gillespie offered to pay one landlord a year's rent in advance if he could take the apartment he liked for his family. The landlord, a prominent Hamilton attorney, refused. When several of the town's most powerful white businessmen intervened on Captain Gillespie's behalf, the landlord told them to go into the real estate business and sign bank notes guaranteeing mortgages on multimillion-dollar apartment complexes. Then they could rent to

The Garfield gym exploded as the favored Tigers burst through the banner held up by the Tigerettes.



continued



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A TOWN DIVIDED

continued

black war heroes. Captain Gillespie thanked his white supporters and returned to finish his duty in Vietnam. He did come back for three years, but eventually he left to become the personal pilot of the prime minister of Guyana.

"The situation in Hamilton is socially stagnant," Don Gillespie said, as his basketball players took their final practice shots. "This is a status quo town and not just for black people. But the young blacks say, 'Hurry up and let me get old enough to move out of here.' I had roots here and wanted to stay; in fact I still hope to move back someday. When I was a kid I served parties at the homes of rich white families, which gave me advantages later. I felt I knew the whole community. I didn't resent being a servant; it was just an apprenticeship. My father is a businessman himself. We lived in the Second Ward ghetto when I was a kid, but it seems poorer now, more hopeless. Some of my students who come from there have a very dim view of themselves. The black junior high allows them to practice stupidity as long as they don't become discipline problems. They get good at dumbness. We have to try to correct the junior high's mistakes when they come to Garfield, but teachers make up their minds on certain students who have a bad rep or poor grades, and they stick to their initial impression."

There was a sense that Gillespie didn't quite belong away from his hometown because he still cared too much about it. He had the objectivity of an outsider, having grown up black in Hamilton, yet this was combined with the insight and affection of an insider. Knowing the town's problems so intimately, he was wary of plunging back into Hamilton as a contestant for community stewardship. Gillespie summoned his players. They were slow to assemble; Hodge horsing around with his best friend, a black guard named Tony McCoy, while some other players tried long, idle hook shots from well past the key. Hodge and McCoy were partners on and off the court, known to everyone as salt and pepper. "Fellas, I said get

your asses over here!" Gillespie belted. Now they crowded around him. "I don't know what I can tell you," Gillespie began. "Taft figures they're going to kill us. They're thinking state tournament, and we're just a little pebble in the road they can roll right over. The paper says, I quote, 'The Taft Tigers should encounter no difficulty with the Garfield Griffins.' End of quote, end of city rivalry, end of our self-esteem. Men, and that's what you are, I appeal to your potential, because you all have it. I appeal to your competitive instincts. Most of all, I appeal to your pride."

Waiting for the game to begin in the steamy Garfield gym, Flatiron muses on the relationship of the sport to its environment. "Basketball has always been a perfect game for the Midwest," he says. "This is a vast area of small towns that were tied together at first by interurban tracks and later by Model T's that enabled fans to follow their teams from town to town. There wasn't a damn thing to do in most Midwestern towns once the hunting season ended, so the local gym became the town hall for a few

months. This crosstown matchup only goes back 17 years because before that Hamilton had just one public high school, the Big Blue they called them, and they won several state championships. When they built the two high schools they split the town, but they started a pretty hot rivalry. It should just about end tonight. Taft could win this by 30 or 40 points."

The gym explodes as the Taft team breaks onto the court, each player leaping dramatically through a paper banner held up by the cheerleaders. Next, the Garfield players do a loop around their own gym, and the crowd volume turns to thunder. There are a few boos for the Tigers, because they are in enemy territory, and for the Griffins, because they have a dismal (1-4) record.

The opening jump ball sets off a furious scramble until a Garfield forward seizes the ball, dashes for the basket and misses. Taft's Kolesar controls the rebound and slows down the play, setting his team's preferred pace. Taft scores first on an easy shot by Grevey. The Tigers lope to their end of the court while the Tigerettes—Taft's cheerleaders—give the yell that signals that their boys have drawn first blood. The Garfield Griffins, named after the mythical hybrid between a lion and an eagle, retaliate with a long jumper by Hodge, admirable not only for its accuracy but its trajectory. High school ballplayers, when they shoot a jump shot, often fire the ball straight at the basket, making a score impossible unless their aim is perfect; Hodge's shot, taken when he was high off the court, described an arc like the dotted line on a globe showing a great circle route across the North Atlantic.

With the score at 2-2, Taft's full-throated cheer is simply "Go!" repeated 10 times, though the Tigerettes pronounce it "Geow." A freelance cheer wafts down from the Garfield stands: "Tiger thinks he's cool, but Griffin ain't no fool. We gonna get 'em, you just bet 'em. We got the jive-ass school!" The city's racial partition is reflected on the court and the sidelines.

continued

A lot of Garfield's fans were poor, and many of them were black.





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A TOWN DIVIDED

continued

Garfield has three black starters, Taft none. Four of the six Garfield cheerleaders are black, only one of the six on the Taft side.

Taft controls the game easily at first, not yet hot, passing the ball too much, waiting to shoot until after the best opportunity has passed, but still in command. Garfield, by contrast, is disorganized, inconsistent in its shots, but always hustling. By fighting for every loose ball, the Griffins keep the game even until it is tied at 10, Taft scoring each basket first and Garfield responding. A pattern is established in a personal duel. The 6' 2" Kolesar, Taft's leading scorer, cannot shake the player assigned to guard him, the 5' 9" McCoy. It's a matchup between Mutt and Jeff. McCoy will hound Kolesar all night, crowding him, blocking his drives, stealing passes intended for him. He becomes Kolesar's shadow, his ghost, his tight-fitting glove.

Grevey fills the void left by McCoy's neutralization of Kolesar. According to McCollum, Grevey had been improving every week; as a 6' 2" junior, he appeared ready to join the family tradition of high school stardom and a college scholarship. Maybe there would even be the NBA. The previous summer Gillespie had taken 12 Hamiltonians to play basketball in Poland. Both Kolesar and Grevey had made the trip, sponsored by the community, which included a musical welcome from the Poles, a tour of the 12th-century city of Wulcz and an infatuation with a Polish ice cream known as Lody. Neither Hodge nor any other current Garfield player had gone to Poland.

Hodge and Grevey personified the differences between Garfield and Taft. They shared one characteristic—both their fathers wanted them to play basketball. Beyond that, their lives were completely different, beginning with the fact that Hodge was short and Grevey tall. The Greveys are a prominent Hamilton family. Norm Grevey, Scott's father, is a successful lawyer who in one three-day span flew to South Carolina to see his son Bryan play college ball, then up to Washington to watch Kevin with the pros and finally back to Hamilton in time to be at one of Scott's games for Taft. The fourth Grevey son, Norm Jr., was then only nine years old, and his father liked to say Normie hoped to quit junior high to turn pro as a hardship case.

Norm admitted under a full-court press that his son Scott had repeated the eighth grade, though his marks were O.K. This widespread practice among athletes is known as redshirting, and it meant that Scott would be older and physically more mature—and therefore more attractive to college recruiters—by the time he played his last year of high school ball. The grade had been repeated, Norm claimed, because of a reading problem. The effect, Gillespie said, was that "Scott is bored, very bored. He's old enough to graduate and he's only a junior. He just bides his time. This wastes a year of a boy's life at a moment when he is either excited by learning or gets turned off to it forever."

Hodge's father was traveling all around the country installing safes for the Mosler Safe Company. One of Robbie's older brothers had been in trouble with the law. Robbie himself was a nervous, inattentive student who at times seemed to have a crush on every girl at Garfield. According to Gillespie, Robbie's father hoped to restore his family's reputation, sullied by the older son's juvenile delinquency, through Robbie's becoming a great basketball player.

While Hodge doesn't score anymore in the early going, Grevey does find his rhythm and his eye; with him leading the scoring, Taft opens a 16-10 lead. Garfield has prepared itself for Kolesar; its defense against him is almost perfect. When Grevey takes command, Garfield seems to lose its bearings. He leaps past several defenders for a twisting layup. A few seconds later, before the Griffins can get the ball to midcourt, Grevey steals it, heads toward the hoop, but is quickly surrounded. He lunges away from the basket to free himself of the defenders and

arches up a long hook that swishes through. When Hodge has a pass picked off, Garfield looks out of it.

Hodge is mad at himself. He brings the ball downcourt with a dribbling display that leaves three Tigers springing at each other instead of at him. He seems less interested in scoring than in maneuvering the ball between a defender's legs, which he does as the fans laugh. In his folding chair on the Garfield sidelines, Gillespie covers his eyes. How many times has he cajoled, ordered, threatened Hodge about this? Just play straight basketball, never mind the hotdogging. We



Separated from Garfield's fans by more than the width of the court

all know you can bounce the ball. But Hodge's dribbling gets most of the Taft players out of position, and he passes to a wide-open teammate, who easily scores. Then Hodge steals the ball as soon as Taft brings it into play and lofts himself over a defender to sink another basket. Hodge doesn't appear to jump, but float. When Taft misses its next shot, Hodge goes high over a 6' 3" opponent to get

the rebound. For just an instant, with everyone else frozen, watching, Hodge appears to be a pink streak among the white-and-black bean poles who populate the rest of the floor. Once down-court, he sets up a play for Chapman, who is fouled while making his layup. Chapman sinks his free throw, and Garfield takes its first lead when Hodge steals the ball once more and passes long to a waiting forward, who dunks it.

Grevey and 6' 1" Forward Sam Marcum lead Taft back in the second quarter, but the tempo is much faster than McCollum likes it. "The height on this

Halftime reflections: John Ritchie, Martin Protzman and the bond issue.

Ritchie, Hamilton's first schoolteacher, arrived in 1807 from the East. He taught English grammar, Latin and arithmetic for \$4 per student per term. Because there was then no publicly supported education in Ohio, the Hamilton parents were supposed to pay Ritchie themselves. Sometimes they gave him dried apples and peaches, a little grain or corn whiskey. They rarely gave him the \$4. Unlike many other frontier schoolteachers, Ritchie didn't take to the corn whiskey; he had come to teach. But if pioneering was hard for homesteaders, farmers, mill hands and landowners, it was harder for teachers. They were needed, but not very much. Ritchie lived in his classroom, stuck it out for seven years and then gave up, putting an ad in the paper that begged the parents of Hamilton to pay him what they owed him so he could return East. They didn't pay, and Ritchie couldn't afford to leave Hamilton on his own. When his students arrived at school one morning in 1815, they found Ritchie dead of starvation. He had apparently awakened in the night and lighted a last candle for himself, which was still burning. His bed, clothing, desk and chair were sold at auction to pay for his burial.

Martin Protzman taught sociology and history at Taft High School in the 1970s. Because he felt his students should connect text with reality and because he felt recent history shouldn't be forgotten, once each term Protzman removed his artificial right leg and passed it around his classroom. He had left his real right leg in the Ashau Valley when he made the mistake of stepping out of his foxhole into a North Vietnamese barrage one morning in 1968. Students liked Protzman because he identified with their problems and resentments; he liked the students because in them he saw himself only a few years earlier, an indifferent student who graduated from Taft in 1964. Protzman was intense about his teaching and didn't mind staying late to debate a student or just listen to the perils of being 16. When his wife had a baby and inflation became an epidemic, Protzman needed more money; he wanted, frankly, to provide himself and his family with some of the abundance he saw around him. He couldn't get it at

Taft. And in 1979, after the bond-issue controversy, he quit teaching and began selling insurance. Protzman had more options than Ritchie.

The bond issue came about because of birth control and all the factory jobs that left Hamilton when the South rose again in the 1960s and '70s. In 1970 Hamilton had 3,000 high school students, but six years later the total was around 2,200, and the projection was that there would soon be fewer than 2,000. Many Hamiltonians felt that the two high schools, once necessary because of the World War II baby boom, should be unified. In line with Hamilton's remarkable predilection for self-descriptive names—the smart Mayor Watt, the friendly Congressman Kindness, a neighborhood bully named Wolff, the plainspoken managing editor Bloant, an ebullient singer named Joy Rose, a yes-man named Dittoe, a contractor named Plasterer and a cashier named Miss Penny—the new superintendent of the antiquated school system was named Relic.

Dr. Peter Relic, a young Ed.D. from Harvard, was determined to modernize the schools and schooling of Hamilton. "We have a wonderful cooperation within our neighborhoods," he said, "but almost none at all between one neighborhood and another. That's why, with our loss of students, we can take the opportunity to unify the entire town by consolidating the two high schools into one. We'll be able to offer more varied courses; art, music, drama, dance are all secondary now, but they can be primary in a single comprehensive school. We can have far better teams. Hamilton used to have very, very powerful football and basketball teams on the state level; that's impossible while we have split high schools. It can be argued that pragmatically this country was built on segregation, but our ideals have always moved toward integration. Blacks should be spread equally throughout the system, and one high school will do that. Blacks are locked into the Second Ward ghetto. For all practical purposes, the Supreme Court's integration decision has never been implemented in Hamilton. With a single stroke, one high school will solve all these problems."

A special vote was scheduled for September 1976. The new, unified high school would cost \$17.5 million; the

continued



be Tigers' supporters anxiously watched the game.

court belongs to us, Hodge has the speed," McCollum says to his starters during a time-out. "Slow down and play your own game."

Taft settles into the rhythm McCollum has prescribed, and the Tigers leave the court at the half with a 32-25 lead. Garfield has shown more spunk than expected, but Taft has now found its pace and forced the game to fit it.

A TOWN DIVIDED

continued

money would be raised through a local bond issue whose fate would be decided by the balloting. Once the new high school was ready, Taft and Garfield would be used as junior highs, giving the community, in effect, three new schools. Opponents said the tax bite was too large, that discipline and learning were needed far more than buildings and that Taft and Garfield—both only 17 years old—were perfectly decent high schools. It was said quietly that those opposed to the bond issue also didn't want their children going to school with blacks.

To defeat the bond issue a good deal of money was spent by a swiftly formed group called the Butler County Taxpayers Association. It placed ads in the *Hamilton Journal-News* and made numerous radio appeals against the bond issue. The *Journal-News* itself took a pro-bond stand, and its publisher, Chuck Everitt, was a vigorous backer of the cause. "Hamilton is very much in need of this improvement, both for its own sake and as a symbol," Everitt said privately. "This is a vote not just for a new central high school but for a solution to our racial problems and for a civic enterprise to combat the loss of pride that went along with the loss of industrial jobs. The school will give Hamilton a new image of itself, which we need badly."

Proponents tended to be liberals, blacks and those like Everitt who felt a new school would help the community's self-esteem. Their adversaries tended to be the poor whites, who felt overtaxed already, the elderly on fixed incomes and fiscal conservatives, all of whom the Butler County Taxpayers Association purported to represent. The bond issue became a community litmus test. Joe Nuxhall, a Hamiltonian and former Reds pitcher during World War II, who became the youngest player—at 15—ever to perform in the majors, saw difficulties both ways. "When they went to two schools in the '50s they divided Hamilton more than the Miami ever did," he said, referring to the river that runs through the middle of the town. "Now they're trying to put it back together again with a \$17.5 million Bond-Aid."

Then the Butler County Taxpayers Association, having hitherto claimed only to stand for fiscal responsibility, let its other shoe drop.

In a full-page advertisement in the

Journal-News, the Taxpayers Association warned voters that if there were only one high school, there would be "More Busing and Traffic Congestion." In case anyone didn't divine the significance of the reference to busing, the ad threatened: DON'T LET THE BOOGIE MEN SCARE YOU. There it was: BOOGIE.

In person, at the Eaton Manor, Hamilton's only elegant restaurant, the men who made up the Taxpayers Association weren't reticent. Their long discussions touched on subjects as varied as the local economy, the teaching of political science, school discipline and equal rights for women.

"Girls can't compete with boys," said Ray Motley, a retired radio station manager.

"You come across one Babe Didrikson in a lifetime," said Bud Woltering, a local businessman.

"If a woman is doing the same work as a man, she should get the same pay," said Gordon Smith, a retired assistant county auditor. "If a black comes in and works, actually works, he should be paid the same, too," Woltering said.

"If he works," said Smith.

"Right, if he works," said Woltering.

"Why doesn't Washington practice what they preach?" Hack Wilson, a former city manager, asked. "Is there more colored than white working for the federal government in Washington? You'd better believe it, and that's no balance."

"In Washington, D.C.," Smith said, "a black valedictorian of his high school class couldn't even get into Georgetown."

"Education has been going down here for the last 15 years, and the slow learners, the lower economic groups, hold back the others," Motley said.

"My dad was in a lower economic group," Woltering said.

"Well, there are exceptions, of course," Motley said. "Did you know that the blacks in the all-black schools of Mississippi have a better achievement record than they do in mixed schools? They learn better in their own environment."

"We're between a rock and a hard place on integration," Woltering said. "There's too G.D. many geniuses out there, trying to see everybody getting a fair shake."

"The teachers can't control integrated classes, there's too much trouble," said Motley.

"Blacks can't take the discipline," Woltering said.

"Don't talk to me about discipline," Wilson said. "My pa was a Presbyterian minister. I did something wrong, I'd get spanked twice—once at school, again at home."

"The ACLU has a suit going right now against kids getting whipped in Ohio," Woltering said. "ACLU, you know, the American Communist Lawyers Union."

Mayor Frank Witt, who owned a supermarket, preferred to stay out of the fight over the bond issue. He didn't want to confuse the two institutions of city council, of which he was head, and the school board of which he wasn't a member, and he had doubts about the wisdom of asking the citizens of Hamilton for \$17.5 million. But the vociferousness of the Taxpayers Association propelled Witt into action. First, he personally placed an ad in the paper, urging passage of the school-bond issue. Then he agreed to appear with Relic at a town meeting to support a single high school. The meeting was held in the auditorium of the Hamilton branch of Miami University.

Thirty citizens showed up in a hall that could hold over 450. Peter Relic, an articulate but not always effective spokesman for his cause, went first. To a group of parents concerned about educa-



tional opportunity, he emphasized that Hamilton athletic teams would improve dramatically with only one high school. The parents felt patronized, the very thing Relic wanted most to avoid.

For Witt, the politician, the meeting provided a rare opportunity. Without notes, he mounted the podium for a speech he had no idea he was going to give until he gave it. "The new community high school is not an extravagance for the taxpayer, it is an investment in Hamilton's future," he said. "It can end the isolation of our neighborhoods, heal the lesions in our community. It can unite East Side and West Side, black and white, rich and poor and middle. They're telling us to watch out for boogie men; I say watch out for them! Watch out for those who would isolate us from each other. Watch out for those who sneak around inciting fear and race hostility. They tear the fabric of a society that needs mending. They serve ignorance, not knowledge, and knowledge is the purpose of all schools. A progressive educational system is the foundation and backbone of our youth, and our youth are the backbone of the future. I urge you to support a single, consolidated high school for the city of Hamilton." When he left the rostrum, there was only scattered applause.

The voters rejected the bond issue by more than three to one. Not long after

the balloting, Relic announced he was leaving Hamilton for Washington and a long title—Deputy Assistant Secretary for Education. "I couldn't turn down the opportunity, but I feel very frustrated," he said candidly. "I started a lot here and finished nothing."

As play resumes Garfield gets only a single free throw by Chapman, while Kolesar shakes off McCoy and combines with Sam Marcum to make four unanswered baskets for Taft. The 40-26 score indicates that the embarrassing mismatch Flatorin had predicted could come to pass. Although Hodge strikes back with two quick baskets and a free throw, he's unable to set up his teammates, who are smothered by the taller Tigers. Nine points looks like a hopeless chasm that can only grow wider.

A tall, rangy black man on the Garfield side jumps down from the stands and leads a cheer. He wears a low, wide-brimmed panama hat, a black shirt, white tie and a black suit with white pin-stripes too wide for a banker and too narrow for the center stripe on a highway. The cheer: "Aw shucks, hey now, Griffin's gettin' down. Yet and still we'll be aroun' 'cause with our pride, jump back, show you where it's at, when it comes to winnin' we're second to none, like we know that you know that we know we're Number One!"

The gap has increased to a seemingly unclosable 12 points when Hodge inter-

cepts a Marcum pass. He laterals to Tony McCoy, who converts the turnover. The stolen ball fires up Hodge and the rest of the Griffins, and they step up the pace to Hodge's rhythm. Taft goes cold, and Hodge lifts the pace still further. He swarms all over the Tigers—on offense, defense, forecourt and back, out of position, stealing the ball, setting a pick, making the play. Once he even passes the ball to himself. When McCollum sends both Marcum and Grevey to cover Hodge, Chapman, McCoy and a 6' 3" sophomore named Jeff Jones score in turn for Garfield. At the end of the third period, Chapman takes a long jumper that hits the rim and springs away. In the scramble for the rebound Hodge bats the ball through the hoop at the buzzer. Taft is on top only 46-42.

The last quarter begins with Hodge stealing the ball and making an easy layup to bring his team within two points. Grevey strikes back with a long set shot, and the game stabilizes, which is to say that the pace returns to Taft's liking. Garfield can get no closer than four points. Hodge cools off, looking tired. Time is on the Tigers' side. With two minutes left, they make a free throw to go ahead by five. Hodge is fouled, but misses both shots. From the Garfield fans comes a cheer, "Hey, no sweat, the game ain't over yet." But it really looks as if it is.

With 30 seconds remaining in the game, Grubbs shoots for Taft and the ball caroms off the hoop and then against the backboard and finally bounces crazily to the side. The two players nearest it are the 5' 9" Hodge and 6' 5" Mike Grammel, Taft's center. Hodge makes a soaring jump, but eight inches are too many to give away and Grammel comes down with the ball. Hodge comes down onto Grammel's elbow, which accidentally catches Hodge underneath an arm. A harmless, momentarily painful jab, it has the effect of an injection of adrenaline. Hodge doesn't so much take the ball out of Grammel's hands as leap it out. In one motion, as if the play had been planned all season, he hurls the ball downcourt to Chapman, who dribbles twice and scores. Chapman is fouled as he scores, and he makes the foul shot, closing the

continued

Passage of the bond issue would have converted the 17-year-old Taft building into a junior high.



gap to 59-57 with 19 seconds to play.

Crossing midcourt into Garfield territory, Marcum juggles the ball for an instant. McCoy swipes at it and suddenly there is a loose ball squiggling around the court. Garfield's Mike Hurdy grabs it and passes to Hodge, who calls time out. Thirteen seconds.

Gillespie chooses the play. Hodge is to bounce the ball inbounds to Chapman and break for the corner. Chapman will be guarded now by the talented Kolesar, but Gillespie wants only his two best ball handlers to touch the ball. After Hodge has faked toward the corner, he's to cut inside to the key. Chapman will throw the ball near the key in the desperate hope that Hodge has managed to get there.

Like any good coach in the final seconds of a close game, McCollum believes in giving his players only the most fundamental instructions. Once a game is actually under way, he dispenses with his platitudes, but what he tells his team now is as obvious as his corniest slogan: "Keep the ball away from Hodge." Reading Gillespie's mind, McCollum adds that since Hodge is the best Garfield passer, he will probably throw the ball inbounds and then try to position himself to get it thrown back. He also tells Grammel to make a wall in front of Hodge on the inbounds play so Hodge won't even be able to see his teammates, much less get the ball to one of them.

Grammel looms over Hodge while Hodge looks for somewhere to throw the ball. Grubbs comes over to help out Grammel. When Hodge feints a bounce pass, Grubbs and Grammel are a jumble of legs. When he considers throwing over them, they seem a forest of arms.

Urgent, possessed, Hodge catapults himself above the defenders. In the air, he hangs for what seems a full second, as though a platform had suddenly sprung up to hold him. Chapman has faked himself clear of Kolesar for an instant to receive the ball Hodge rifles to him. Surrounded, Hodge darts for the corner as Gillespie has directed. Then he cuts toward the basket. The key is so crowded he cannot get near it. Chapman looks for his own shot but there is none. He dribbles out toward midcourt while waiting for Hodge to get open. Hodge breaks away from the key, heading in the wrong



The Tiger—and town—had plenty to cheer about.

direction with four seconds showing on the clock. Chapman releases the ball. Hodge dives for the pass and catches it. He's smothered by Tigers. He fights loose, throwing hips and elbows, and dribbles once. Falling away from 30 feet out, he airmails the ball. It smacks the rim and caroms straight into the air. Jones, underneath the basket, leaps and tips it in. The final buzzer brays.

The gym detonates. 2,200 throats in peril of rapture. The town's best game in years was tied 59-59 at the end of regulation play, Hamilton equalling Hamilton. The crowd owes the night to Hodge, and no one begrudges him the credit. From the Garfield side comes "Hodge! Hodge! Hodge!" and the Taft side echoes. The sound builds until no words at all can be heard. It's almost like silence, the gym roaring for a performance that on Broadway would get 10 curtain calls and in Madrid two cars and a tail.

Hodge, who had scored 21 points, seems propelled not by a hunger for victory but for excellence. Often he has performed almost alone, not ignoring his teammates the way ball hogs do, but using them to express his own impulses.

The overtime is anticlimactic and unsuspenseful. The score remains close enough, Garfield getting two more baskets, Taft three. But Grammel and Grevey are now in charge of the game that winds down like the clock itself. With

two seconds to go Garfield gets the ball under its own basket. Never surrendering, Hodge yells at the teammate with the ball, "Call time out!" Hodge's teammate has already flung the ball in a despairing full-court arc toward the Taft basket. The ball is stopped by a girder at the top of the gym as the buzzer sounds, with Taft winning 66-64.

As the Taft and Garfield cheerleaders line up together at center court, both teams and their coaches envelop Hodge in congratulations. A Tiger and a Griffin momentarily carry Hodge on their shoulders. He blinks in embarrassment and slithers down to the floor. Gillespie puts his arm around Hodge as the assembled cheerleading squads send out a last yell:

We're from Hamilton, couldn't be prouder.
If you can't hear us, we'll shout a little louder!

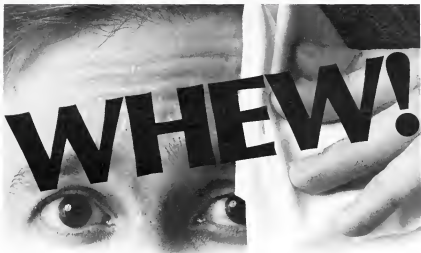
In 1980 Taft and Garfield merged to become Hamilton High School, with an enrollment of 2,054, in the building that was formerly Taft High. Garfield is now a junior high school.

Marvin McCollum officially remains the coach at Hamilton, although he has been on sick leave since last September and last week announced plans to retire in June. Don Gillespie continued working as a vocational coordinator in Hamilton until December 1981, when he left to take a job as government rep for a company in Cincinnati. Martin Protzman is trying to get on the faculty of Hamilton High.

Scott Grevey went on to play basketball, though not as a star, at Pitt, where he's now a senior. Andy Kolesar graduated last spring from VMI, where he was captain of the basketball team and a two-time Academic All-America, and is now doing graduate work in engineering at Ohio State.

None of the Garfield starters went on to college. Robbie Hodge, who still lives in Hamilton, is a senior production specialist for Boise Cascade Corp. He's still friends with Tony McCoy, who's in the Army.

Last year, in its first season after the unification, Hamilton's basketball team finished the season with a 25-1 record, losing in the regional final of the state AAA tournament.



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On The Scene

by RICHARD L. CRONIN JR.

DUCK'S DUCKS WERE JUST DUCKY IN THE DUCK RACES, AND THAT'S NO QUACKERY

Robert Duck walked up to the starting line, placed his pet duck, B.F.D. Express, in front of the 16-foot-long, caged-in racing lane and waited. "On your mark!" said the starter. "Get set!"

The bugle blasted.

Duck, 32, tickled B.F.D. Express' ribs, shoved him over the starting line and watched him waddle down the lane.

This was the final of last August's Great American Duck Race in Deming, N.M. Duck and duck had been training for months, waiting for this very moment—when B.F.D. Express would have the chance to beat out 450 web-footed friends from all over the country for the title of World's Fastest Duck.

Duck, who runs a wholesale jewelry business in Albuquerque, had begun racing his ducks only a year before. "I heard about the races on the radio," he says. "Since my last name is Duck, I kept a couple of ducks in the backyard. I'm of a competitive nature anyway, so I decided to train them for the races." His ducks worked hard for the 1980 race, and though they had only six weeks to get ready, one of them, Lloyd the Duck, finished third out of a field of 186.

In 1981 Duck got together an all-new racing team and installed a more sophisticated training regimen. "My wife, Kathy, and I used to train obedience dogs," says Duck. "It's surprising how that transfers to training ducks. You have to stand back and look at the situation and ask, 'What would make a duck or a dog want to do this?' Once you analyze the problem and break it down, you can develop a program."

"We first tried using food to get the ducks to respond, but a duck doesn't want to eat under these conditions. The primary thing on a duck's mind is that he wants to get away."

This invaluable info formed the basis of Duck's training program. He built a 25-foot run in his backyard. The lane was covered with wire mesh to keep the

birds on the right track, and the far end was closed to keep them from escaping during a workout.

The birds would sprint down the lane to get away from Duck, bounce off the closed end and waddle around dazed for a moment. It wasn't long before they figured out it was better to stop before reaching the end. As a result, their times became slower.

Duck overcame this by opening the end of the track so the ducks could run straight out into the backyard. Now each time one of them sprinted to the far end, it would get its freedom for the day. This idea caught on quickly with the fowl, which are domestic ducks and unable to fly. Soon they were running faster than last year's racers.

"The ducks became conditioned to the idea that when they reached the other end, 'That's it,'" says Duck. Because the training track was nine feet longer than regulation, the ducks gained an extra bit of endurance as they dashed to the end of the practice lane.

"There's a trick in letting them go," says Duck. "You have to make the duck uncomfortable. I always tickle their ribs."

In 1980 Duck's ducks proved they could consistently negotiate the course in two seconds in training. But some of them ate too much before the 1980 races, bulked up and, consequently, had slower times. In '81, to keep his racers in trim, Duck stopped leaving corn around and had the ducks chase their meals. "All that extra work going after grasshoppers,

worms and flies kept them in condition," he says.

Duck, who had 20 birds last year, including nine babies, even had weight training for his ducks. He filled socks with sand and gravel and tied them to the racers' legs with shoestrings. They clomped around the backyard, building up their legs. But the socks were always getting stuck on rocks and weeds. Afraid of injuries, Duck has stopped that phase of the workouts.

When it came time for the races, Duck had seven ducks he felt were ready. He bought a new pickup truck to transport them and, with his birds, his wife and his two children, Sharon, 7, and Bryce, 4, headed for Deming.

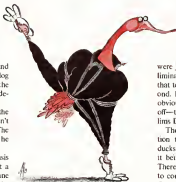
Robert named five of his ducks after relatives: Pauline the Duck, Lloyd the Duck II, Magnificent Molly, Rollin' Nollan and Leaptin' Lydia. B.F.D. Express, or Bosque Farms Duck, is named after the town of Bosque Farms where the Ducks live. Donna Duckstein is named for Duck's friend Jay Dinerstein. When the entry blank asked for the names of the dam and sire of Donna Duckstein, Robert wrote in "Sarah and Abraham Duck."

Saturday, Aug. 22, was a big day for the town of Deming. There was a hot-air balloon race that morning and a Beautiful Duckling contest for kids dressed like ducks. There was also a Best Dressed Duck contest for ducks dressed like kids. There were all kinds of eating places and booths, even Yuk Rent-A-Duck for those who didn't bring their own fowl.

Duck was ecstatic when Donna Duckstein won the first heat of the day. "I really felt as though I had some fast ducks and that we could win a few heats," he says, "but as far as winning all the marbles—that was out of the question. There were just too many ducks." In the preliminaries alone, Duck had five ducks that took first and one that finished second. By the end of the first day it was obvious that the training was paying off—to the tune of \$50 a heat for the prelims Duck's ducks won.

There was a big Cold Duck celebration that night. B.F.D. and the other ducks weren't allowed to drink, though, it being the night before the big race. There was also a Duck Ball with dancing to country and western music. A Duck Queen contest was held at the ball. "The

continued



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girls were all dressed up in silly duck costumes," says Duck.

In the opening round of the semifinals on Sunday, his ducks entered four of the eight races and took firsts in all four. In the second round they again won four. "All that made me very happy," says Duck, "but I just took it one race at a time. Winning it all seemed like an elusive dream."

Of the eight ducks in the final, four belonged to Duck. He remembered the time when two of his obedience dogs were involved in a three-way tie for first in a trial. He recalled how bad he felt when the other dog won. He didn't

want to feel that way today. He kept a low profile.

The race organizers held a Calcutta just before the last race. "That's something they do in horse racing," says Duck. "They auction off 'ownership' of the ducks to build a pot for the race. The actual ownership isn't transferred, but those who 'buy' the winning duck make money." One of Duck's ducks was auctioned for \$650. None of them went for less than \$450.

Of his four finalists, Duck decided to take B.F.D. up to the starting line. The other three ducks, Molly, Lydia and Rollin', were raced by Kathy, Duck's

brother-in-law, Robert Develice, and Dinerstein.

Duck waited at the starting line. He fidgeted with his yellow baseball cap and wiped dust and feathers from his Duffy Duck T shirt. The ducks from Bosque Farms were ready to roll. He clutched B.F.D. Express with both hands. The duck squirmed and tried to break free. The bugle blared.

Duck dug his fingers into B.F.D.'s ribs and pushed him onto the track. He watched the bird streak toward the finish line. Feathers flew as, beak to beak with Rio Grande Queen, B.F.D. burst across the finish line. Could Duck's duck have

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won? It was up to the judges who reviewed the videotape. Duck waited anxiously until finally the announcement came: "With a record time of 1.576, the world's fastest duck—B.F.D. Express!"

Robert went bananas.

"I was so happy," he says, "I wanted to hug B.F.D. all night, but my wife wouldn't let me. You know what they say about having quackers in bed?"

"Mr. Duck? What did you whisper in the duck's ear before the race?" asked a reporter.

"Be a winner or be dinner," said Duck.

None of Duck's ducks wound up on

the dinner table. The seven that he entered won 13 heats. B.F.D. Express collected \$1,500.

Word about the races got around fast. Duck didn't expect it. At 4:30 the next morning he received a call from a Boston radio station wanting to do a phone interview.

"Is your name really Duck?" he was asked.

"Yes," said Robert. "It's Robert W. Duck, and the W. doesn't stand for Waddle—it's Wayne."

The calls continued to pour in from as far away as eastern Canada. Robert appeared on local TV and radio. He heard

that word of the races had even reached Europe.

With all this hoopla, Duck expects the 1982 races to draw a bigger field of ducks. So he's going to begin training earlier. He says he's going to work with different breeds to see which have the most potential.

"I might not take this quite so seriously if it was just for fun," says Robert, "but, my goodness, \$2,000 is a lot of money."

Small wonder that Duck says, "We're anxiously awaiting the 1982 race and the thrill of victory and the agony of webbed feet."

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Feb. 15-21

Compiled by BRUCE ANDERSON

PHOBIA TRAILBLAZER—Seattle ended a four-game losing streak by beating Washington 103-87, but that was moved to be only a brief respite for the struggling Seahawks, who had begun the week by surrendering the Pacific Division lead to Los Angeles with a 108-109 loss to the Lakers. Seattle also labored through a 115-104 overtime game against the Kings, only to lose 127-122. The Sonics finished their long week on an upnote, dominating Boston 103-109. The Lakers stayed ahead of Seattle by beating Golden State 126-108 and Denver 132-113. Atlanta's Devon-Jackie Philadelphia won all three of its games, as did Milwaukee, the Central Division champion, which ran up five straight 120-point games. George Gervin of Midwest's Detroit-Spartan San Antonio scored 49 and 38 points, respectively, in wins over Detroit 128-112 and Denver 129-102. The 39 points were not enough, however, when lowly San Diego beat the Spurs 118-101. Clipper Charles Oakley, at 5'6", the smallest player in the NBA, had a career-high 34 points in that win.

BOWLING—ART TRASK defeated Al Simon 223-73 to win a \$150,000 PGA tournament in Pereira, N.J., for his second victory this year.

BOKING—SUGAR RAY LEONARD defeated Bruce Foran on a third round TKO in Reno to retain his undisputed world welterweight crown (page 28).

GOLF—TOM WATSON beat Johnny Miller on the third hole of a sudden-death playoff to win the \$250,000 Nike Championship. Los Angeles Open. The two finished with 13-under-par 71s.

BETH DANIEL, won the \$150,000 1987 Telenor Chase in Sarasota, Fla., with a 12-under-par 276, defeating Amy Alcott by four strokes.

HOCKEY—Great at barely a sufficient description of the Oilers' Wayne Gretzky and his latest feat: Gretzky began the week with five-point performances in two wins: Division-leadering Minnesota 11-41 and Hartford 11-41. Against the Whalers, he broke the single-season scoring record of 164 points he set last season and ran his total to 75 goals and 91 assists. But left him one goal short of Phil Esposito's 111-goal NHL mark for goals in a career. Gretzky tied the mark in a 7-3 win over Detroit that gave Semyon Varlamov leader Ed Johnston 49 points, four in the league. While Colorado Rockies owner Peter Gilbert kept talking of moving his team to New Jersey, the fearless Rockies won't even say on the ice. Behind the superb goalkeeping of Chris Rea, the Rockies beat Adams Division front-runner Montreal 3-2 to snap a Canadian win streak at 11 games. The Canadiens were on two other games and, to a third, to give their unbeaten run to 16. With a 4-4 tie against the New York Rangers, Colorado ran its own record of unbeaten games to a season-high four games. There is a 3-3 tie, the Rockies came within 43 seconds of repeating the New York Islanders feat, setting an NHL record for consecutive victories—13 (page 14).

HORSE RACING—Eddie Delahoussaye rode THE BART (53) to a 156-thousand victory over Cudde Royale in the \$175,750 Hialeah Turf Cup. The 6-year-old ran the 155 miles in 2:26.

HOTTER SPORTS—DAVE MARCUS scored a Chevy as equity in the state-sponsored \$183,355 Richmond 400 Grand National, averaging 77.91 mph around the 1.6-mile oval. He beat Richard Petty in a Post-race by 12 seconds.

SKING—At the World Nordic Championships in Oslo, Bernt ERLUND won the women's 10-km cross-country, THOMAS FRISKEN won the 30-km cross-country, THOMAS SANDBERG the men's Nordic combined, and ARMIN KOGLER the 70-meter jump.

HOCKEY—MISL, New York did not fear of Pittsburgh in Eastern Division by winning the first 4-1 and Phoenix 10-2, while the Spirit suffered a 5-4 loss to New Jersey. At Tulsa, before the Western Division, beat Baltimore 7-1 before losing to Detroit 3-1.

NASH, Chicago, playing without injured high scorer Karl-Heinz GUTENBERG and Iago PETER, lost 5-4 to Tulsa in the playoff semifinals. GUTENBERG played on a sore right ankle in the next outing, in which the Spirit rallied from a 6-1 deficit to tie the score at 6-6 at the end of regulation play. GUTENBERG won it in overtime with a header. Tulsa then clinched the tie against the 3-1 victory in the 13-minute overtime. Tampa Bay won the other Atlantic Conference playoff, defeating Montreal 3-1 in a mini-game after winning 8-7 in overtime and losing 3-7. Edmonton cruised into the Pacific Conference final by beating Seattle 8-4 and 12-0. San Diego won the other Pacific semi, knocking off Vancouver 4-1 in overtime and 5-4.

PEED SKATING—HILBERT VAN DER DUIM won the world all-around title at Assen, The Netherlands, with 158.41 points, 38 better than runner-up Daan Rookhuizen.

TENNIS—YANNICK NOAH defeated Ivan Lendl 3-6, 6-2, 3-5 to win a \$200,000 Grand Prix tournament in La Quinta, Calif., and Lendl's 66-match victory streak.

BETTINA BUNGLE beat Pam Shriver 6-7, 3-6, 6-7 to win a \$100,000 event in Houston.

TRACK & FIELD—In San Diego, MARY GECKER TASH surpassed her well-known women's world indoor mile record by 37 with a 4:23.3 clocking. BILL OLSON pole-vaulted 18'9", improving his two-year-old world indoor record by a quarter of an inch, and WILLIE BLAKE's javelin surpassed 57'10", exceeding the world indoor record set by Keith Connor last year by four inches (page 26).

GESINE WALTHER of East Germany sprang 200 meters in Budapest in a women's world indoor record of 22.64, bettering Jarmila Kratochovylova's year-old mark by 12.

HILFPOOLS—AWARDED By the AAI, the Sullivan Award is the outstanding amateur athlete in the U.S. for 1981. CARL LEWIS, 20, who won the long jump and 100-meter dash at the NCAA and IAG meets last year. His age of 28-31, on June 20 at Sacramento was the second youngest ever.

FIRE—As coach of the Chicago Bulls, JERRY SLOAN, 39, who had a 19-11 record this season. He was replaced on an interim basis by General Manager ROO THORN, 45.

As coach of the Cosmos, RENNIS WEISSEILER, 61, who led the team to the 1980 NASL title and a 46-13 record in two seasons.

NAMED As the head of football operations for the Montreal Alouettes, GEORGE ALLEN, 59, who in 12 years as coach of the Los Angeles Rams and the Washington Redskins had a 138-47-5 record and took his team to postseason play seven times.

DESIGNED As coach of the Chicago Black Hawks, KEITH MAGNUM, 34, who had a two-year record of 48-59-36. He was replaced by General Manager BOB FULFORD, 40, two-time NHL Coach of the Year.

TRADED By the Kansas City Kings Forward CLIFF ROBINSON, 29, to the Cleveland Cavaliers for Forward REGGIE ROBINSON, 24. The Kings also were Forward JOHN LAMBERT, 29, to the San Antonio Spurs for a third-round draft choice in 1984 and cash.

By the Detroit Pistons, Forward PHIL HUBBARD, 25, and Center PAUL MCKESKE, 25, to the Cleveland Cavaliers for Forward KENNY CARR, 26, and Center BILL LAMBEER, 34.

By the Cleveland Indians, Pitcher SID MONGE, 36, to the Philadelphia Phillies, for Outfielder HAKE MCDONNELL, 31.

DIED WESTER CHYLAK, 59, who at 25 years as a major league pitcher won the World Series and lost All-Star games of a heart attack in Orem, Utah.

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

PRIDE OF THE CELTICS

Sir:

Kudos to Frank Deford for digging deeply beneath Red Auerbach's "gruff exterior" to give SI readers such a rich appreciation of this extraordinary man (A Man for All Seasons, Feb. 15). Red and his "Guys" have provided a lifetime of thrills for me. More to the point, he continues to be a superb role model for professionals in all walks of life. Here is an intelligent, industrious, inspirational man who drives his charges hard yet takes tremendous pride in their accomplishments and is genuinely concerned about their overall well-being. Celtic pride—Red's enduring legacy—will always be a standard worthy of emulation. Although I have ceased to be an active follower of professional basketball, I think of Auerbach often and always with a smile on my face. After reading Deford's eloquent article, I was tempted to light up two after-dinner cigars—one for Red and one for Frank!

BUCK BREMER
New York City

Sir:

It was a pleasure to read about a sports organization at the 20th century that operates like a Ma and Pa store and turns a substantial profit. Red Auerbach's blue-collar kind of entrepreneurship is a breath of fresh air.

Being a non-Bostonian, yet an ardent Celtic fan since 1959, I realized early that the Cougars, Joeses, Russells, Havliceks, Curlewes and others have greatly contributed to this rich tradition, but did not create it. The key to the success story in Beantown is twofold: a perfect floor and Auerbach.

DAVE PAFANELLO
Pittsburgh

Sir:

That was a fantastic article on Red Auerbach and a very interesting idea to have him run the Patriots and Red Sox. Those teams, with their ownership, would be the ultimate challenge to any man.

KEVIN P. WARNER
Buzzards Bay, Mass.

Sir:

You named all the great deals that Red Auerbach pulled off, but you failed to mention the one that we in Detroit feel was the steal of the '70s. It was the trade in which then-Pistons Coach Dick Vitale gave up Chris Ford and a future draft choice for Earl Tatum. Vitale had his pockets picked—and he didn't get a championship ring.

EDWIN F. PITTSO
Detroit

Sir:

There is no doubt that Red Auerbach is

one of the great general managers of basketball. However, if he could have given me away, as Frank Deford's article claims, why didn't he?

I feel I have been involved in the deal of a lifetime: I'm playing for the Los Angeles Lakers.

BOS MCADOO
Inglewood, Calif.

GRETZKY & TEAM

Sir:

I want to thank Mike DeNagro for his super article on Wayne Gretzky and his youth-enriched team, the Edmonton Oilers (The Lord of the Rinks, Feb. 15). Gretzky has been my favorite hockey player ever since he became a professional in 1978, and although he is rewriting the NHL record books, it's about time his talented teammates got some recognition, too. If the Oilers can keep up their hard work and determination, they will emerge as the Stanley Cup champions.

MIKE BREEM
Camp Hill, Pa.

Sir:

Your cover photo of Wayne Gretzky ranks among your best ever. Gretzky's fixed-up eyes, which show his determination, remind me of Maurice (The Rocket) Richard's. From the blue line in, no one was better at scoring than Richard—until Gretzky came along.

DOUG MCLEAN
Dallas

Sir:

For years I have argued that Bobby Orr was the greatest hockey player of all time. But times have changed. Wayne Gretzky is the greatest hockey player of all time.

JAY ABRAMSON
Albuquerque

Sir:

Wayne Gretzky may be the most prolific goal scorer in hockey today but, without a doubt, the best all-around player is Bryan Trottier of the Islanders. He not only scores a lot of goals and assists on many others, but he is also one of the better defensive forwards in the game. He can take what is dished out to him by opposing teams and doesn't need a goon to protect him.

Lord Stanley's Cup will again reside on Long Island at the conclusion of the season.

TOM KLIMASZ
Culver City, Calif.

ON WISCONSIN

Sir:

Congratulations on finally allotting some space to college hockey and its premier league, the Western Collegiate Hockey Association (When You Say Wisconsin ...

Feb. 8). In this day of sanctified hooliganism in the NHL, collegiate-level hockey has shown the nation—and the world—the true essence of the sport. While the rest of the country was awestruck at the success of the little band of "unknowns" at the 1980 Lake Placid Olympics, devotees of WCHA hockey weren't particularly surprised to see our representatives—more than half the team were WCHA players—persevere where NHL all-star teams had failed and defeat the Russians.

L. SCOTT AYERS
Denver

Sir:

The University of Wisconsin's hockey record—six trips to the NCAA final four in the past 12 years, with three national titles—is impressive. However, the University of Minnesota's record—five appearances in the final two in the past eight years, with three championships—is equally noteworthy. The difference between the programs is that the Gophers play only Minnesota high school products, while the Badgers skate Canadians, a few Wisconsinites and as many Minnesotaans as Coach Johnson can recruit.

LEONARD S. RICH
St. Paul

CUMMINGS AND AGUIRRE

Sir:

We were teammates of Terry Cummings and Mark Aguirre at DePaul. Terry is a great player and deserves the attention you have given him (The Best College Player under 7' 4", Feb. 15). Our criticism concerns the manner in which you've portrayed Aguirre. If it weren't for Mark, DePaul might still be the "small school under the El tracks." The instant success Aguirre brought DePaul—Final Four and one of the best win-loss records in college basketball—was the magnet that attracted such prize recruits as Cummings. Since his departure, the media, some of his teammates and coaches have attempted to make Mark a scapegoat for DePaul's poor showing in postseason play. Actually, the blame lies with everyone connected with the team.

Few people realize the burden the media place upon an individual to fulfill an image created by those same media. Many public figures have difficulty dealing with this exposure. No 20-year-old college student can be expected to live up to someone else's ideal. Unfortunately, Aguirre's talent provided sports fans an opportunity to scrutinize his transition into manhood. If Mark actually were as lazy and had as many problems as the sportswriters said, surely he wouldn't have been the first player chosen in the draft.

We would like to thank Mark for the exposure he gave to DePaul and to us. We'd also ask some of his critics to examine this situation a little more closely.

DENNIS M. MCGUIRE
SAMUEL J. MANELLA
Chicago

SOUTH CAROLINA'S WOES Sir,

Thank you for the tastefully written, unbiased report on ex-South Carolina Basketball Coach Pam Parsons (Special Report, *Sourly Weather* at South Carolina, Feb. 8). Jill Lieber and Jerry Katzenbaum did an excellent job. However, I find it appalling that Fran Washington and Pat Mason had the gall to blow the whistle on Parsons. Did either of them decline the money offered to them? Did either one question or even bother to check on the legality of Parsons' offerings? There are ways.

I'm not saying that what Parsons reportedly did was correct, but I am tired of reading about athletes who fail to accept their part of the responsibility and then run around screaming foul. Pam Parsons is an excellent basketball coach. That she apparently couldn't separate her personal life from her public coaching life is unfortunate. However, she deserved better from those players who had a sudden attack of morality.

LAURA BREWER
Memphis

Sir: More than a sense of anger or shock, I felt utter sadness upon reading your all-too-accurate commentary on women's college athletics. Women's sports are following the well-worn path to collegiate professionalism. Many young women no longer play for the thrill of victory but rather for the dollar. In my opinion, Pam Parsons is at fault for her breach of scholastic and athletic regulations. However, I find the players—Pat Mason and Fran Washington—equally contemptible for accepting monetary gifts. Players who receive and sometimes demand such consideration should be subject to disciplinary measures. These athletes should lose a year of eligibility and any opportunity they may have had for a scholarship.

Administrators in women's athletics have chosen the wrong role model. Many aspire to equality with men's college sports. I, for one, have higher aspirations.

MISSY PARK
Member

Yale Women's Basketball Team
New Haven, Conn.

Sir,

In his review (Movies, Feb. 8) Frank DeFord said, "There is a tendency in movies like *Personal Best* to overemphasize the seamy side of competition so that promoters can advertise that it isn't just a sports movie." It would appear filmmakers aren't the only ones

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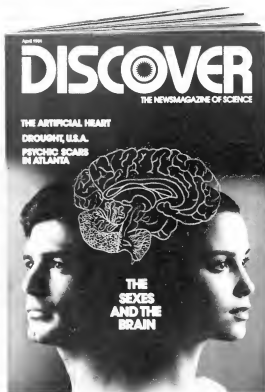
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19TH HOLE continued

guilty of preying on the seamy side of competition. In that same issue, SI devoted six pages to an exposé of the recurring violations and problems associated with one person involved in women's basketball. If you're going to cover women's collegiate basketball, cover all aspects of the sport, not just one event.

Women's basketball has never been more exciting and competitive, with genuine interest filtering through to girls in grammar schools and on playgrounds across the country. But, rather than focus on any of the positive aspects of the game, such as the California high school player, Cheryl Miller, who recently scored more than 100 points in one game, or Louisiana Tech's 54-game winning streak, SI chose to dwell on one issue. I am sorry that SI has traded fair journalism for sensationalism and hope that in the future you will do justice to women's basketball.

CAROL RUSH

Former Basketball Coach
Immaculate College/U.S. Women's Team
Stratford, Pa.

Sir:

I ask you to reflect on the placement, in the same issue as your annual swimsuit feature, of the article exposing alleged lesbianism in a college basketball program. An accident? Regardless of its merits, the article on South Carolina sends an extra message because of the issue in which it appears: Be like the bathing beauties, or else.

DAN FINLAY

Ithaca, N.Y.

Sir:

Your article concerning the "trouble" at South Carolina is a perfect reflection of the quality of your periodical. It stinks!

DOROTHY MCCREA

Director of Women's Basketball
Stanford University
Stanford, Calif.

STRIKE INSURANCE

Sir:

I enjoyed Robert H. Boyle's article concerning the National Football League Establishment vs. the NFL Players Association (*The 55% Solution*, Feb. 1). In the article Boyle quoted Stan White as saying that the guy who wrote the strike insurance for the baseball owners "is on a deserted island somewhere." Stan is a heck of a linebacker, but he's offside on his facts. The "guy" and his associates, Jasper Marino and Ted Duple, aren't on a deserted island, but doing business duly at the same old marketplace.

LAWRENCE V. RHEA
Senior Vice-President
Reed Strohhouse Inc.
Kansas City, Mo.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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